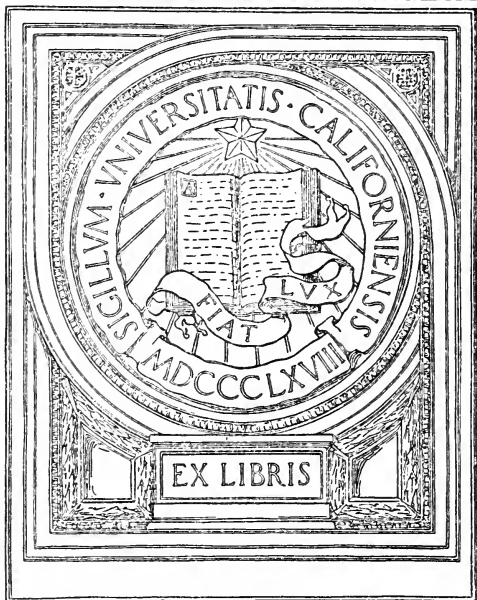
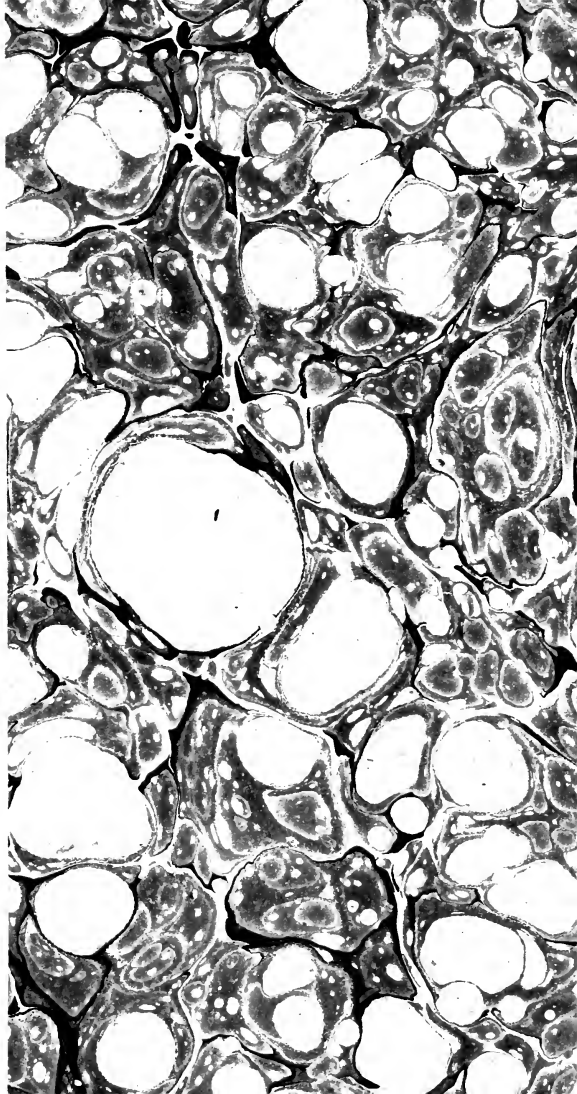


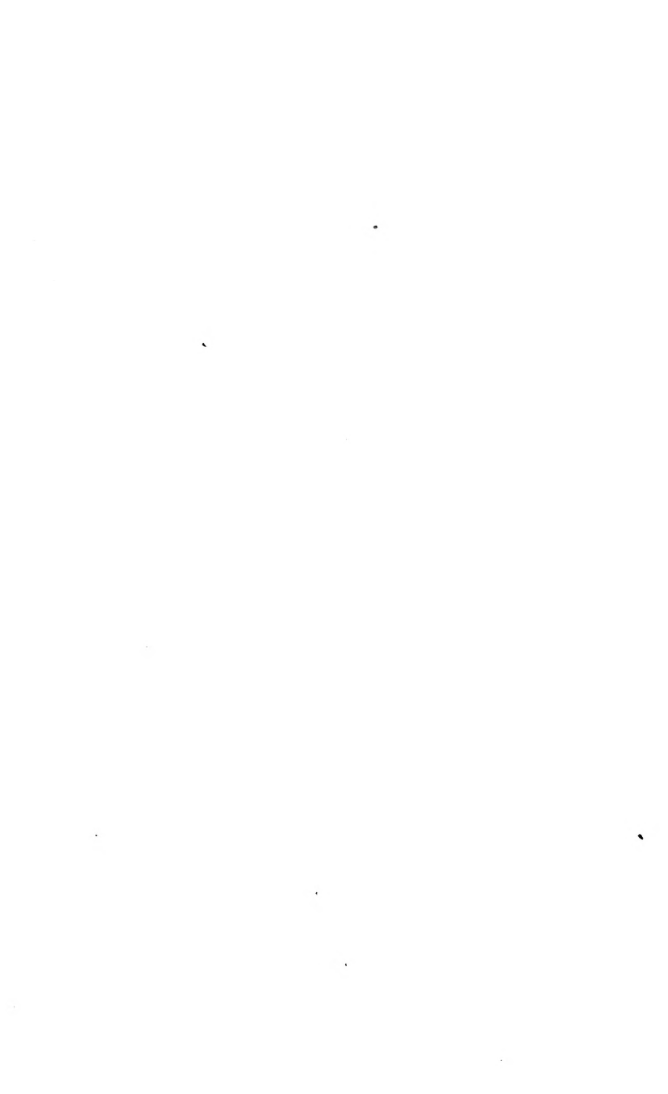
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XXXVI.

SOMERVILE.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
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THE

POEMS

OF

William Somerville.



Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

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THE
LIFE
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILE.
BY
DR. JOHNSON.

OF Mr. William Somervile's life I am not able to say any thing that can satisfy curiosity.

He was a gentleman whose estate was in Warwickshire; his house, where he was born in 1692, is called Edston, a seat inherited from a long line of ancestors; for he was said to be of the first family in his county. He tells of himself that he was born near the Avon's banks. He was bred at Winchester-school, and was elected fellow of New College. It does not appear that in the places of his education he exhibited any uncommon proofs of genius or literature. His powers were first displayed in the country, where he was distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful justice of the peace.

Of the close of his life, those whom his poems have delighted will read with pain the following ac-

count, copied from the Letters of his friend Shenstone, by whom he was too much resembled.

“—Our old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as I find myself on this occasion.—*Sublatum quarimus*. I can now excuse all his foibles; impute them to age, and to distress of circumstances: the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery.”

He died July 19, 1742, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley on Arden.

His distresses need not be much pitied: his estate is said to have been fifteen hundred a year, which by his death devolved to Lord Somervile of Scotland. His mother indeed, who lived till ninety, had a jointure of six hundred.

It is with regret that I find myself not better enabled to exhibit memorials of a writer, who at least must be allowed to have set a good example to men of his own class, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge; and who has shown, by the subjects which his poetry has adorned, that it is practicable to be at once a skilful sportsman and a man of letters.

Somervile has tried many modes of poetry; and though perhaps he has not in any reached such excellence as to raise much envy, it may commonly be said at least, that “he writes very well for a gentleman.” His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles are sometimes elegant. In his verses to Addison, the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.

In his Odes to Marlborough there are beautiful lines ; but in the second Ode he shows that he knew little of his hero, when he talks of his private virtues. His subjects are commonly such as require no great depth of thought or energy of expression. His Fables are generally stale, and therefore excite no curiosity. Of his favourite, *The Two Springs*, the fiction is unnatural, and the moral is inconsequential. In his tales there is too much coarseness, with too little care of language, and not sufficient rapidity of narration.

His great work is his 'Chase,' which he undertook in his maturer age, when his ear was improved to the application of blank verse, of which, however, his two first lines gave a bad specimen. To this poem praise cannot be totally denied. He is allowed by sportsmen to write with great intelligence of his subject, which is the first requisite to excellence ; and though it is impossible to interest the common readers of verse in the dangers or pleasures of the chase, he has done all that transition and variety could easily effect ; and has with great propriety enlarged his plan by the modes of hunting used in other countries.

With still less judgment did he choose blank verse as the vehicle of *Rural Sports*. If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose ; and familiar images in laboured language have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attractions of nature, cannot please long. One excellence of the *Splendid Shilling* is, that it is short. Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.



ENCOMIUMS.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

ON HIS

POEM CALLED ‘ THE CHASE.’

WHILE you, sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,
And honours due to deathless merit claim ;
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
And tell the world that SOMERVILE’s her friend.
Her incense, guiltless of the forms of art,
Breathes all the huntsman’s honesty of heart ;
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
Of Edric’s villa and Ardenna’s plains :
Joys, which from change superior charms received,
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre relieved :
When the day, crown’d with rural chaste delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive night ;
The festive night awakes the’ harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.

Strange ! that the British Muse should leave so
long,

The CHASE, the sport of Britain’s kings, unsung.
Distinguish’d land ! by Heaven indulged to breed
The stout sagacious hound, and generous steed ;
In vain ! while yet no bard adorn’d our isle,
To celebrate the glorious silvan toil.

For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
 God of the' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?—
 Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
 Somervile meditates the' adventurous song:
 Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
 His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
 From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
 Imbibe the various science of the Chase;
 And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
 Know Brunswick only could the work inspire:
 A Georgic Muse awaits Augustan days,
 And Somerviles will sing, when Fredericks give
 the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
 And in my bosom feel poetic fire,
 For thee I quit the Law's more rugged ways,
 To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
 What, though I daily turn each learned sage,
 And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
 Waked by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
 As flints give fire when aided by the steel.
 Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confined,
 Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind:
 Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
 The real to fictitious joys give place.
 When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
 How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear!
 Even Farinelli's self the palm resigns,
 He yields—but to the music of thy lines.

If friends to poetry can yet be found,
Who, without blushing, sense prefer to sound ;
Then let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,
These warbling minstrels quit the beggar'd land.
They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy silvan sports appear !
Even wild ambition might vouchsafe an ear ;
Might her fond lust of power awhile compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
No fierce, unruly senates threaten here,
No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, disappointment, and despair.
Here, bless'd vicissitude, whene'er you please,
You step from exercise to learned ease ;
Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleasing Chase.
Oh ! would kind Heaven such happiness bestow,
Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below !
Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

OF WARWICKSHIRE.

ON READING SEVERAL OF HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I have read, and much admire
Your Muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun,
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature, and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard
When she, like Pindar's, spreads her wings ;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by ' The Sister Springs¹.'

Emotions tender crowd the mind
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind
' The mighty fallen on Mount Gilboa.'

Much surely was the virgin's joy
Who with the Iliad had your lays,
For ere and since the siege of Troy
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
I never yet could think a crime,
But first-rate virtues, which inspire
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boast ;
Like your ' Gilt Ass,' who stood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him ' The' incurious Bencher' hits
With his own tale so tight and clean,
That while I read, streams gush, by fits,
Of hearty laughter from my een.

¹ See Fable xii.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
 Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
 Blithe tales the best, had they heard thine
 On Lob, they'd own'd themselves outdone.

The plot's pursued with so much glee,
 The too officious ' Dog and Priest,'
 The ' Squire oppress'd,' I own, for me,
 I never heard a better jest.

Pope well described an Ombre game,
 And ' King revenging Captive Queen ;'
 He merits, but had one more fame
 If author of your ' Bowling-Green.'

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
 So natural, just, and with such ease,
 That while I read, upon my soul,
 I wonder how I chance to please !

Yet I have pleased, and please the best ;
 And laurels sure to me belong,
 Since British fair, and 'mongst the best,
 Somerville's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard the' harmonious fair
 Sing, like a dweller of the sky,
 My verses with a Scotian air ;
 Then saints were not so bless'd as I.

In her the valued charms unite ;
 She really is what all would seem ;
 Gracefully handsome, wise, and sweet :
 'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman, her loved mate,
 Whose worth claims all the world's respect,
 Met in her love a smiling fate,
 Which has, and must have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from De Somervile, who came
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains and lasting fame.

Which 'nour he left to's eldest son ;
That first-born chief you represent :
His second came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'ile takes descent.

On him and you may Fate bestow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long's ye'd wish to live below,
Still bless'd with all you would desire.

O, sir ! oblige the world, and spread
In print those and your other lays ;
This shall be better'd while they're read,
And after-ages sound your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should
On what you've wrote, my Ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts so crowd,
To note them all I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a Muse
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires ;
Nor should (when worth invites) refuse
To sing the person she admires.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

THE CHASE.

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted; and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

*Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
 Contendunt ludo, et fulva luctantur arena :
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.—
 Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.
 Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
 Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

VIRG. *Æneid vi.*

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
 In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
 Struggling dispute the prize : part lead the ring,
 Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.—
 The chief their arms admire, their empty cars,
 Their lances fix'd in earth. The' unharness'd steeds
 Graze unrestrain'd ; horses, and cars, and arms,
 All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
 Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if, at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those Chases, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem ; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose-writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise

of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were *Μαθηται Κυνηγεσιων*, ‘disciples of hunting;’ being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. (*Xen. Cynegetic.*) And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. (*Plin. Panegy.*) And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the Chase to there most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratus was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratus arma dabit.

Lib. iv. Pont.

Gratus shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these, Nemesianus; who seems very much superior to Gratus, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by

Virgil in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs:

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.

Geor. iii.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with buttermilk. *Pasce sero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the chase in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*: but it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the sepulchre of the Nasos, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus Nemesianus says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings, yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls *ιχνευτηρες*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first but imperfect essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind.

And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature. (*Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*)

The gentlemen, who are fond of a jingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion, as he may find in the poem itself.

*En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox, assensu nemorum ingeminata, remugit.*

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

Argument.

The subject proposed.—Address to his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.—The origin of hunting.—The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters,—Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice.—The grant made by God to man, of the beasts, &c.—The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans.—The best hounds and best horses bred here.—The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders.—Address to gentlemen of estates.—Situation of the kennel and its several courts.—The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel.—The different sorts of hounds for each different chase.—Description of a perfect hound.—Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended.—Of the large deep-mouthed hound, for hunting the stag and otter.—Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland.—A physical account of scents.—Of good and bad scenting days.—A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with the' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal Youth

Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings ;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth !
And if in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand ;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inured to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through the' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame ; inspired by thee,
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue [death.
Through fire, and smoke and blood, and fields of
Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height :
So mimic art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude

Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scower the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at the' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before; surprised, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they grazed. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:
Urged on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last,
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts; though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that lived on earth
Was granted him for food¹. So just is Heaven!
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts,
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts

¹ Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispersed ; to size, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly-favour'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care ! to thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks ;
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course ; and ere his beams decline,
Has measured half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty !
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts ;
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune bless'd
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,
Hear and attend ! while I the means reveal
To' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor ; to rein the steed

Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove ; though blasted, yet unfallen ;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs pass'd, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way :
Pleased with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight !

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
On either hand wide-opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Roused from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray :
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muse's aid ; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er the' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better disposed, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: for use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
And all his future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapped their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court, well-paved, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush the' entangled covert, whose nicescent
O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :
In a large square the' adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,

And drop their feeble tails ; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'errule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues ; growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the
ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on the' ensanguined plain.
O breasts of pity void ! to' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen !
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race. ✓

Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass

Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stored, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now, grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds ; then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey ;
And in imperfect whimpering speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew ; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just
Heaven !

And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play : by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries ; to' unravel these
The' industrious beagle twists his waving tail :
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee covering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;

His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread
 thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain ; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic ; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : but if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims ;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion ; as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze ;
Reviewing generals his merit own ;
How regular ! how just ! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve—

So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if the' amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round
head

Shall sweep the morning-dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain-echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed;
There dwelt a pilfering race, well-train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
Not more expert in every fraudulent art
The' arch² felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven!

² Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* Lib. viii.

Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!

Should some more curious sportsman here in-
quire,

Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?

The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through the'open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by the'incumbent atmosphere compress'd:
The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which, by
The cooler air condensed, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispersed, or rarefied
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forbode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease: listless they shrink,
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invoked; or haply if thy call
Rous up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes

Glazed, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours ; the' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natured wit.
But if the' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with the' illustrious dead ;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Though purchased with our blood. Well-bred,
polite,
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould ; and know that such
Transporting pleasures, were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

Argument.

Of the power of instinct in brutes.—Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning.—Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind.—Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase.—Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes; taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great.—Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight the' attentive sage,
To' observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft transcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
Loiters at ease before the driving pack, [swift
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urged to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess, each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode: with step reversed
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on the' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp; now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous
wiles

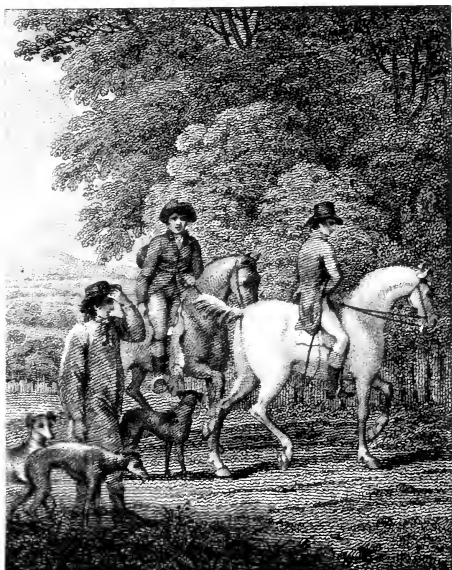
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.
When Spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert. Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observed,
The' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienced huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap

Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet placed, shall urge thee to perform
The' important work. Me other joys invite ;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice ; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play ;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;
A thousand wanton gaities express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay ; men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments ; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast ;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
The' harmonious concert breaks ; till more assured,
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seized. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd ;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard ;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off ; see how direct [bring
To her known mew she flies ! Here, huntsman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmy lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground ! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam



SOMERVILLE.
 ——— Me other joys invite
 The Horn sonorous calls. ———
Vol. I. Chase. Book 2.



That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn :
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd on by
fear. [woods,

The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy !
See how their coursers, than the mountain-roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
The grass unbruised; with emulation fired [print
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exiled wretch,
The frightened chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away;
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those towering
Above the humble copse aspiring rise, [oaks,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! the hunters shout,

The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-opening load the trembling air
With various melody ; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near : afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the ' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
The ' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy ; men, boys, and girls,
Desert the ' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by ! while, at the farther end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagem inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold——I see her from the covert break ;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how to' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail ;

And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvass-wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Pecipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs
With thirst of glory fired, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sallied awhile at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste

Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once
more

They're check'd;—hold back with speed—on either
hand

They flourish round—even yet persist—"Tis right;
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduced.

From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she ranged se-
With love and plenty bless'd. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays

Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs the' obstructed pores, scarce
A languid scent: and now in open view [leaves
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round enclosed
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!

Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes

Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Awed by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal, but versed
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase ;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior-horse ? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel ;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host
Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphans' cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor : but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword ; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes !

Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein the Arabian steed, and watch his nod :
And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court ; a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
Ah, cruel eastern law ! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers ; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets,
Now at the camp arrived, with stern review
Through groves of spears, from file to file, he darts
His sharp experienced eye ; their order marks,
Each in his station ranged, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king¹

¹ Xerxes.

Pour'd out on Greece from all the' unpeopled East,
That bridged the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees; from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
In all the strictest discipline of war;
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That flies on wings through all the' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
(The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice)
Now high in air the' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,

And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd; they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapp'd in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are placed, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint the' horizon with their ruddy light:
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,

Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings. Through the silent
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd [gloom
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day, they still the chase renew ;
At night encamp ; till now in straighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judged rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins ; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves :
Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides : tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head ; the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye :
So abject is a tyrant in distress !

At last within the narrow plain confined,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolved to' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread

Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmoved
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gored through and through. Despair at last pre-
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all [vails,
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear

Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey :
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
The' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispersed.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleased) the
work

Of death had been complete; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power! 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of
blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind,

BOOK III.

Argument.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales : from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts.—Censure of an over-numerous pack.—Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts.—The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it.—Description of the pitfall for the lion ; and another for the elephant.—The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror.—The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar.—Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest.—Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gazed,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas; and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he saved,
And from rapacious savages their flocks. [paid
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance)
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely grazed

The social troops ; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seized by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain :
While in the' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman ! prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis
To right the' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace ! ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See ! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Press to their standard, hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods ; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope ; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive ; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along,

Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd: so thrive the wicked here below!
Though high his brush he bear, though tipp'd with
It gaily shine; yet ere the sun declined [white
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate reversed; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger; swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat our
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales [hearts
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And every bush in concert joins; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away;
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack:
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream

In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft :
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [chase

What lengths we pass ! where will the wandering
Lead us bewilder'd ? Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,
Justling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The volley'd thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel ; urged by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
The strange confusion of the vale below, [view
Where sour vexation reigns ; see yon poor jade,
In vain the' impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;
He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmoved and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief

Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion and his daily care, well clothed,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,
No labour spared; who, when the flying chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourged along.
While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights; another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering, half-ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torment the' abandon'd crew! old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom ken'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
There pleasing toils. Here, huntsman! from this
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?—
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair: but one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon villagenow
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:

But, faithful to the track, the' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserved. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all the' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must the' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous encumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in the' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And sily creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step; then views escaped
With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact

Of chosen veterans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confused, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-grazed turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepared to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By the' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shared the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plunged, there's no escape;
But unreprieved he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorged, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views

His footsteps in the sand ; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands ; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree ; upon whose top
A lamb is placed, just ravish'd from his dam :
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth,
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat ; himself, alas ! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far ; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plunged
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah ! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy main
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd ? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,

But of a different kind, and different use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave, that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharged ; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within : and soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling heave
The 'incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulf'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man !
How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,

A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute : he there his image views ;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening jaws ; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerable engines forms, to' assail
The savage kind : but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immersed and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the storm,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd, [prey.
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous the' attempt : for if the steed
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth
His footing fail ; the watchful angry beast
The' advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance

Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears: adown
His tortured sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font: and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales; while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful
bard,

Charm'd once the listening dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet:—O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their power, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band

Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old ; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captive leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent, [lords
Had awed mankind, and taught the world's great
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies ; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells ? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd ?
Or Britain's second hope ? Hail, blooming youth !
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmoved, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair :
So disciplined those hounds, and so reserved,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.

But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the general chorus ; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morningsmiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head ; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear :
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such the' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex
In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain !

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown ? Or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-laved, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens to our wondering view :
Such was the king's command. Let tyrant's fierce
Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious part
To check their pride ; and when the brazen voice

Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
To' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace: to smoothe the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with the' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the' extended vale below:

Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course: now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflamed.

O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblamed, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads,
and streams,

Has measured half the forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks; and the pale threatening ghost

Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals awed, and whose exalted power
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and emboss'd; nor are his hounds deceived;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escaped, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; passive they stand,
Unmoved, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gazed to stones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who hoped
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.

Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprise him; soon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester; who inly smiles
At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds:
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amazed
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduced, his spirits fail, on every side
Hemm'd in, besieged; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, the' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolved to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gored
Defile the' ensanguined plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof

They wing around, he finds his soul upraised,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence;
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immersed.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain;
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
The' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escaped;
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain

The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unrevenge'd to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes in one deep gulf immersed.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul: soon at his high command
Rebuked, the disappointed hungry pack
Retire submit, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes? [hope;
O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

Argument.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man.—Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business.—The choice of the dog, of great moment.—Of the litter of whelps.—Of the number to be reared.—Of setting them out to their several walks.—Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon.—Of entering the whelps.—Of breaking them from running at sheep.—Of the diseases of hounds.—Of their age.—Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects.—Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences.—The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart.—The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady.—The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described.—Description of the otter-hunting.—The conclusion.

WHATE’ER of earth is form’d, to earth returns
 Dissolved: the various objects we behold,
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
 Of man alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
 Hence, great the distance ’twixt the beasts that
 perish,
 And God’s bright image, man’s immortal race!
 The brute creation are his property,
 Subservient to his will, and for him made:
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.

Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvised, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach ; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Encumbering all the globe : should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deserts range, shivering forlorn,
Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree ;
Far shall his pack be famed, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urged
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale ;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolved,

Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest ;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter. On Scamander's streams

Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confused, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And still the best beloved, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love!

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent; for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers
inwoven;

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong;
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there every mew he tries:
If haply then he cross the streaming scent,
Away he flies vainglorious; and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind,
His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach

The' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose;
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hoped, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter crawling, helpless, blind:
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
view

The marks of their renown'd progenitors;
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
The' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleased thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful, they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improved, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe

To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienced youngster, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport : his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal : the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arrived, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field ; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience versed in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward youngster at the head
Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure ; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care ; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain ;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram

Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amazed,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then with his load fatigued, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch; till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escaped the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old
hounds,

Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,

And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not even Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-loved master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then closed those eyes, well
pleased.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all the' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than the' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each eve and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow

Hang lowering ; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflamed,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glazed ;
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas !
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury ; like some angry boar
Churning he foams ; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurved
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays ; and snuffs the' infectious breeze :
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade ; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply toward the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round :
The pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence
Escaped,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze ; nor man nor beast
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his silvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy

The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptured sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleased ; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound
Rankling inflames ; he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course : the village flies
Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms [barr'd ;
Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane : the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array : [gored,
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse ! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;
Where horror stalks at large ; insatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil : not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
 reigns.

Huntsman ! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah ! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame ; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide ; and if surprised
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize [event :
The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread the
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here, should the knowing Muse recount the
means

To stop this growing plague : and here, alas !
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend ; each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound ; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air ; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea coasts repair.
Plunged in the briny flood, the' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep ;
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night ; or when full-orb'd she shines

High in the vault of heaven ; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades the' arterial fluid ; whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist : the tender brain
And stomach suffer most ; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch ; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits ; pensive and sad he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway
Thy tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd the' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites :
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind ;
His nature, and his actions, all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) the' associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting through the
Dreadful example to a wicked world ! [groves :
See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink : till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid !

Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack ;
But skim with wanton wing the irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along ; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd ; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at will,
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression ? Where, alas !
Is innocence secure ? Rapine and spoil [sharks ;
Haunt even the lowest deeps ; seas have their
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike ;
He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him
The' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserved : but tyrants know no bounds ; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp ; nor all his arts can save
The' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
The' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch ; whence he surveys
His long purlien, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths
Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,
And every reedy bank ; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view : o'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack ; and trail him to his couch.
Hark ! the loul peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody ; the' harmonious notes
Float with the stream ; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendent, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts !
What clamour loud ! what gay heart-cheering
 sounds
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way !

Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings. See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispersed, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurved salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay;
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
The' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way:
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack lunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there, once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seized him; down they
Together lost: but soon shall he repent [sink,
His rash assault. See, there escaped, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want

Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long ; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents !
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierced
His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts ; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream ! Lo ! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate ; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierced through
and through,

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restored ; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and bless'd ; did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind ;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy ! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields : whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls :
Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not graced with power.

The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
The' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, the' exalted idol comes !
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born :
Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day ; without one friend
To sooth his tortured mind ; all, all are fled.
For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest bribes the venal heart ;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life ; our social cups
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserved,
We speak our inmost souls ; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure ?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your
care,

Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths ;
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
The' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul,
To this gross clay confined, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmoved, unchanged, Himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene ; nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blossoms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and
streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad the' horizon round.

FIELD SPORTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE several acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high esteem our ancestors had conceived for this noble diversion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, and Italy, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to vie with one another who should pay the greatest honours to the courageous falcon. Princes and States were her protectors, and men of the greatest genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of literature, with pleasure carried the hawk on their fists: but the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, &c. have greatly outdone us Europeans in the splendour and magnificence of their field parades, both as huntsmen and falconers: for though the description of flying at the stag and other wild beasts, with eagles, may be thought a little incredible; yet permit me to assure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it: but what I think puts it out of all dispute, is the description the famous Monsieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, *De Re Ac-*

cipitrariâ, reprinted at Venice, in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,
 Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,
 Tot pedites adsunt : longo nemus omne remugit
 Latrantum occursu, venatorumque repulsis
 Vocibus : huic gemini, neque enim satis esse ferendo
 Unus tanto oneri possit, cedente petauo
 Circum aquilam gestant, aliam totidem inde ministri
 Impositam subeunt : quarum minor illa voluci
 Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
 Terrore ingenti : latebris tum excita repente
 Infelix fera prorumpit : ruit altera demum
 Sublimis compar magno stridore per auras ;
 Involat inque oculos et provolat atque capaces
 Expandens per inane sinus caligine densa,
 Horribilique supervolitans cælum obruit umbra.
 Nec minor interea obsistit : sublimis ut illa,
 Hæc humilis sic terga volans premit et latus urget :
 Neve gradum referat retro, et vestigia vertat,
 Seu Caprea aut Cervus sese tulit obviis illis,
 Rostro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum compare vires
 Alternat socias, artemque remunerat arte.
 Nec mora, nec requies : furiis exterrita tantis
 Donec in insidias cæca convalle locatas
 Precipitet rabidis fera mox laniando Molossis.

I am very much obliged to those gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon hunting : their goodness has encouraged me to make this short supplement to the Chase, and in this poem to give them some account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD SPORTS.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

Hæc incondita solus
Montibus, et sylvis, studio jactabat inani.

VIRG. Ecl. ii.

Argument.

Introduction.—Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes.—Description of bern-hawking.—Of flying at the river.—Partridge-hawking.—Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned.—Shooting flying.—Setting.—Angling.—Conclusion.

ONCE more, great Prince! permit an humble bard
Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, sublime, to soar and sing;
Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.

In earlier times monarchs of eastern race,
In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up the' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells she perch'd on high;
Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
Tamed to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,

Abbas the Great, (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings ; vain fools ! they sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits ¹
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on
A dreadful carnage !) see his numerous host [heaps,
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds !
The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring covert's dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hounds loud openings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue !
Meanwhile, that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud, when pierced the gloom
Of vapours dank condensed, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight : she with expanded sails
Works through the' etherial fluid ; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-poised orb
Hard by her handmaid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This molehill earth, and all its busy arts
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day,
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul !
That breath of life which all men must perceive,
But none distinctly know, when once escaped
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich
By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.

¹ Straits of Thermopylæ. See the Story of Xerxes.

Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition, nearer earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible, and high in air,
Poised on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general, from a rising ground,
Observes the' embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites the attack, and points the way to fate.

All now is tumult; each heart swells with joy;
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings:
Tremble the forests round; the joyous cries [hills,
Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and
Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess;
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast, with busy feet,
Far o'er the spacious plain: he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff; the greyhounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle, wheeling, flies
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
With hideous cries; then peals his forehead broad,
Or at his eyes her fatal malice aims:
The other, like the bolt of angry Heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood and sweat distill'd,
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who pities not this fury-hunted wretch,
Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd?
Death will relieve him; for the greyhounds fierce,

Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground :
Groaning he falls : with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies ! the grandees press around,
To dip their sabres in his boiling blood :
Unseemly joy ! 'tis barbarous to insult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey,
Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast ;
But the stern falconer claims the lion's share.

Such are the sports of kings ; and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war ! Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind ;
But man, the tyrant man ! revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrain'd ; destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey ;
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.

Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aërial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
Justs in mid air. Lo ! at his siege², the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game ; for mark, behind
The wily falconer creeps ; his grazing horse
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
The' unhooded falcon sits : with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and in her wild
Conceit already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger, stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak,

² The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Piercing the' opponent clouds : the falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings : another soon
Strains after to support the bold attack ;
Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,
On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs sly
Lurk waiting to surprise a British sail,
Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium ; after her they scud,
Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
And spreading all their shrouds ; she makes the
Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets [main,
To clear her deck, and tell the' insulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern pursued, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict ; every nerve's employ'd :
Now through the yielding element they soar,
Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.
No rest ; no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanced in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
Full at his destined head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Observe the' attentive crowd ; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleasing hope
Glow in each breast. The vulgar and the great
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy : the shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care ; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unsown ; in transport lost, he robs
The' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze

The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest toss'd?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now, like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes,
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death; down plump she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in despair; his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage;
Nor wants he long the means: the hern fatigued,
Borne down by numbers, yields; and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around,
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid,
Then muttering inward curses, breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak³;
Sees with malignant joy, the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast⁴.

Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight
Who fenced thine eyry round with sacred laws⁵;

³ This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk; they generally also break their legs.

⁴ The reward of the hawk; made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian *Soppa*.

⁵ No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyry, or nest of a hern, under great penalties.

Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd⁶.

Now if the crystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman! lead on, where through the reedy bank
The' insinuating waters, filter'd, stray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ooze, or steals the spawn
Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sunbeams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton, and amuse our wandering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; Nature all around
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down? What miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene?—
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,
And slily stalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's seen; they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
To' assist his favourite hawk; she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard young and gay,
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.
Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
The' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds the' aërial course; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke

⁶ The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truss'd in mid air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey, at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure: then views her foe
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,
Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest?
Say, tyrant of the skies! wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despised? How happy they
Who, when gay Pleasure courts, and Fortune smiles,
Fear the reverse; with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great,
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling the' entangled copse, and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from the' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death

O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he fails, and at my feet expires.

When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale: quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps
Low-cowering, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne
The floating net unfolded flies, then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surprised, amazed,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares
And sweet amusements; such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.

Thus, most illustrious prince! have I presumed
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy and sweet repast
Of every noble mind; and now perchance
Untimely sing, since from yon neighbouring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm Peace alarm'd

Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Soundsharsh in every ear. But, righteous Heaven!
Britain deserted, friendless and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O prince! beloved by all; patron profess'd
Of liberty; with every virtue crown'd;
Millions shall crowd her strand, and her white cliffs,
As Teneriffe or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes,
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow;
Here every morn, while fruitful vapours feed
The swelling blade, and bless the smoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like Time, the swain
Whets his unrighteous scythe, and shaves the plain:
Beneath each stroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all the' unripen'd crop is swept away:
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiffs his short pipe, or rears a rural song;
With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,
And every rising prominence subdues.

Now when each craving stomach was well stored,
And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's shrine to pay their court
With eager hopes the motley tribe resort;
Attorneys spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And rosy parsons, fat and orthodox:
Of every sect, Whigs, Papists, and Highflyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires;

Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaus.
On the green cirque the ready racers stand,
Disposed in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.
As the strong rein guides the well-managed horse,
Here weighty lead infused directs their course :
These in the ready road drive on with speed,
But those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.
So the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay,
With a side wind obliquely slopes her way.
Lo! there the silver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions or consent or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the surer side,
And the jack leads, the skilful bowler's guide.

Bendo stripp'd first; from foreign coasts he
brought

A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims, to faction prone,
Still justled monarch Reason from her throne :
More dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inured to slaughter, and secure to kill.
Let loose, just Heaven ! each virulent disease,
But save us from such murderers as these.
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
The' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage;
Nor need to' appease the just Creator's ire
A second deluge or consuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,
Then from his hand launches the flying sphere;
Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world ;

Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud.

Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!
Still late at church, but early at a feast.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face:
His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand:
Then squatting down, with his grey goggle-eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies;
Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in
vain;

For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides.
He, sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter side with pain reclines,
As if he meant to regulate its course,
By power attractive and magnetic force:
Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms.
Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
A thousand shapes; the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardless of his cries:
His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.

Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's
frown,
Resolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
And measures with his eye the space between;
But as on him 'twas a peculiar curse
To fall from one extreme into a worse;

Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impression die away,
Quick after it he scuds, urges behind,
Step after step ; and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain :
Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
Curses the mountains that obstruct his way ;
Brazen it out with an audacious face,
His insolence improving by disgrace. [cheer'd

Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had
His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,
And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.
The bowl he poised, with pain his ham he bends,
On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends :
Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious sphere :
Alas ! how frail is every mortal scheme,
We build on sand, our happiness a dream !
Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo, from each corner of his eyes,
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower ; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.

Muse ! raise thy voice : to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle rise.
These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there ! a veteran well skill'd :
This able pilot knows to steer a cause
Through all the rocks and shallows of the laws :

Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
In this, at least, all histories agree,
That, though he lost his cause, he saved his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaisant the man! each point how right!
But if the' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
And poverty sits shrinking on his face,
How like a cur he snarls! when at the door
For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,
Or tatter'd Crape extorts by right divine:
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his swanskin doublet struts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.
A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere:
Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he pursues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful course approved, he shouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and justles through the crowd.
Hovering awhile, soon at the mark it stood,
Hung o'er inclined, and fondly kiss'd the wood;
Loud is the' applause of every betting friend,
And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
But in each hostile face a dismal gloom
Appears, the sad presage of loss to come:
'Mong these Trebellius, with a mournful air
Of livid hue, just dying with despair,
Shuffles about, screws his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gig so often shifts his place;

Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will :
Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.

Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn,
Appears ; his sinewy limbs and solid brawn
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls, but rural sports
Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
He shakes the' unwilling Phillis from his arms ;
Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,
To chase the wily fox or rambling deer :
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.
Hark ! from the covert of yon gloomy brake
Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake ;
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chase,
Tumultuous transports flush in every face ;
With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries
resound : [speed,
Drive down the precipice (brave youths !) with
Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the
mead.

But whither would the devious Muse pursue
The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew ?
Another labour now demands thy song.
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold the' expecting throng
As Nimrod poised the sphere : his arms he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew, [it flew :
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as swift
Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe stood the foe, well cover'd by his train.
Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Escaping by the ruin of their friends.

But now he stands exposed, their order broke,
And seems to dread the next decisive stroke :
So at some bloody siege, the pondrous ball
Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) soon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art ;
Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the passage and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw
The well-poised sphere, that gently circling flew,
But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field
Securely skulk'd behind his brother's shield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate
Nor courted Fortune's smiles nor fear'd her hate,
Perplex'd, but not discouraged, walk'd around,
With curious eye examined all the ground ;
Not the least opening in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain the' obedient sphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breast :
Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd ;
Then changed its course, by the strong bias rein'd,
And on the foe discharged the force that yet remain'd :—

Smart was the stroke : away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.

Victorious Nimrod seized the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies ;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

HOBBINOL;

OR,

THE RURAL GAMES.

A Burlesque Poem.

TO MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, sir, to make choice of you for my Patron; being the greatest master in the burlesque way. In this, indeed, you have some advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, sir, that we give speech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a small out-ride in the Country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree—to make Vice and Folly the objects of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to mankind.

I am, SIR,
your admirer, and
most humble servant,
W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil, we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons un-

known. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it most prudent in this desperate case to throw himself on the mercy of the public; and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports; but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure: but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are soon convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull-feasts are an evident token of the quixotism and romantic taste of the Spaniards: and a country wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of

our own people. We see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble.

Thus much of the subject: it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this age, has informed us that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words. (*Spectator*, No. 242.) ‘Burlesque (says he) is of two kinds. The first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other, great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. *Don Quixote* is an instance of the first, and *Lucian’s* gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque runs best in heroic, like the *Dispensary*; or in doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the most proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is best done in doggrel.’ Thus far *Mr. Addison*. If therefore the heroic is the proper measure, where the low character is to be raised, *Milton’s* style must be very proper in the subject here treated of; because it raises the low character more than is possible to be done under the restraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low character. I beg leave to add the authority of *Mr. Smith*, in his poem upon the death of *Mr. John Philips*. The whole passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour lost in running it over:

Oh, various bard! you all our powers control,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:

Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine ;
 Above the last thy manly beauties shine.
 For as I've seen two rival wits contend,
 One gaily charge, one gravely wise defend ;
 That on quick turns, and points in vain relies ;
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
 With dry rebukes and sneering praise replies :
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile
 Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style.
 He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains ;
 In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
 What sounding lines his abject themes express !
 What shining words the pompous Shilling dress !
 There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer piles, that o'er its ruins rise.
 In her best light the comic Muse appears,
 When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
 So when nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
 With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
 With dangling hands he strokes the' imperial robe,
 And with a cuckold's air commands the globe ;
 The pomp, and sound, the whole buffoon display'd,
 And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace :

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monsieur Boileau, in his dissertation upon the Joconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this passage in Horace, and observes, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une histoire comique et absurde, en termes graves et serieux.* But then he justly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace : *à moins que ce serieux ne soit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque.* If the observation of that celebrated critic, Monsieur Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same Epistle to the Pisos, and not far distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed

to improve the burlesque by the help of the sublime, in his note upon this verse :

*Debemur morti nos nostraque ; sive receptus
Terra Neptunus——*

And upon the five following verses has this general remark : *Toutes ces expressions nobles qu'Horace entasse dans ce six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette chute :*

Ne dum verborum stet honos——

Carrien ne contribue tant au ridicule que le grand. He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much, as its being delivered with a grave and serious air : our imaginations are agreeably surprised, and fond of a pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has raised. It is true, Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject :

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.*

But tells us, for our encouragement, in another place,

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, siquem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. 'The English and French, (says he)

who always use the same words in verse, as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or by the pompousness of the whole phrase to wear off any littleness, that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters of the tongue ; especially when they write upon low subjects.' (Remarks upon Italy, p. 99.) But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind : the writer in this kind of burlesque must not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the style, but an artful sneer should appear through the whole work ; and every man will judge, that it is no easy matter to blend together the Hero and the Harlequin.

If any person should want a key to this poem, his curiosity shall be gratified : I shall, in plain words, tell him, " It is a satire against the luxury, the pride, the wantonness, and quarrelsome temper of the middling sort of people." As these are the proper and genuine cause of that bare-faced knavery, and almost universal poverty, which reign without control in every place ; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated ; the author has reason to hope that no honest man, who loves his country, will think this short reproof out of season. For, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue, may have a better effect, than the most serious admonitions ; since many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

HOBBINOL.

CANTO I.

Argument.

Proposition—Invocation addressed to Mr. John Philips, author of the Cider Poem and Splendid Shilling.—Description of the Vale of Evesham.—The seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son.—Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation.—Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen king and queen of May.—Her dress and attendants.—The May-games.—Twangdillo the fiddler, his character.—The dancing.—Ganderetta's extraordinary performance.—Bagpipes good music in the Highlands.—Milouides master of the ring; disciplines the mob; proclaims the several prizes.—His speech.—Pastorel takes up the belt.—His character, his heroic figure, his confidence.—Hobbinol, by permission of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge; vaults into the ring.—His honourable behaviour; escapes a scowering.—Ganderetta's agony.—Pastorel foiled.—Ganderetta not a little pleased.

WHAT old Menalcas at his feast reveal'd,
I sing; strange feats of ancient prowess, deeds
Of high renown, while all his listening guests
With eager joy received the pleasing tale.

O thou¹! who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering secure, with Stirom² well bedew'd,
Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams wert taught

¹ Mr. John Philips, author of Cider.

² Strong Herefordshire cider.

By ancient seers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,
Be thou my guide ! while I thy track pursue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanse
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.

In that rich vale ³, where with Dobunian ⁴ fields
Cornavian ⁵ borders meet, far famed of old
For Montfort's ⁶ hapless fate, undaunted earl ;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,
And pillages the hills to' enrich the plains ;
On whose luxurious banks flowers of all hues
Start up spontaneous ; and the teeming soil
With hasty shoots prevents its owner's prayer :
The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp axe
Regardless, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life ; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bless'd, while on his languid neck
In solemn sloth he tugs the lingering plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's state
Mis-judging, self-deceived. Here, as supreme,
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.
The' obsequious villagers, with looks submissive,
Observant of his eye, or when with seed
To' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harvest home.

Here, when the distant sun lengthens the nights,
When the keen frosts the shivering farmer warn

³ Vale of Evesham. ⁴ Gloucestershire. ⁵ Worcestershire.

⁶ Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whose pliant twigs
In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
Vault the thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in state, each arm reclined is propp'd
With yielding pillows of the softest down.
In mind composed, from short coëval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he sits, and, impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy nest,
Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbribed by wealth, and unrestrain'd by power.

One son alone had bless'd his bridal bed,
Whom good Calista bore, nor long survived
To share a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the same time his dying brother sent,
To claim his kind support. The helpless pair
In the same cradle slept, nursed up with care
By the same tender hand, on the same breasts
Alternate hung with joy; till reason dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by slow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he dozed,
Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul.
Say, Hobbinol, what ecstasies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiss
With little palms they stroked thy grisly beard,

Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars ?
Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd
To mutual fondness, with their stature grew
The thriving passion. What love can decay
That roots so deep ! Now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay stripling's chin ; her panting breasts,
And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks,
Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted ; but her faithful shade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her side.
A frown from him dash'd every rival's hopes :
For he, like Peleus' son, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, swift like him of foot
With ease could overtake his dastard foe,
Nor spared the suppliant wretch.—And now approach'd

Those merry days, when all the nymphs and swains,
In solemn festivals and rural sports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming Spring.
Young Hobbinol by joint consent is raised
To' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd, the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month, profuse of flowers.
From each enamell'd mead the' attendant nymphs
Loaded with odorous spoils, from these select
Each flower of gorgeous die, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd sweets ; each busy hand
Adorns the jocund queen : in her loose hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted cowslips breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as crystal clear,
As Parian marble smooth, Narcissus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower ! Pansies of various hue,



Iris, and Hyacinth, and Asphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richest liveries wear,
And lavish all their pride. Not Flora's self
More lively smiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening bosom heavenly fragrance breathes.

See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Usher'd by jolly clowns: distinctions cease
Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave
Leans on his wealthy master, unreprieved:
The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit age,
Propp'd on his staff, with anxious thought revolves
His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks
Among the heedless throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue
The fair-one's long disdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cause; blushing she views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Resolved, and obstinately firm he stands;
Danger, nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-spreading elm Twangdillo sits:
One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain
Left undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scorch'd
His manly visage, but in pity left
One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal;
Yet still the merry bard without regret

Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell,
And comic phiz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortured catgut squeals,
He tickles every string, to every note
He bends his pliant neck, his single eye
Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time.
Let but this subtle artist softly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they
bound:

Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings
Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleased with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danced in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes,
The listening savages; the speckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe

The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly Muse
With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,
When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Every ravish'd eye
The nymph attracts, and every heart she wounds;
Thee most, transported Hobbinol! Lo, now,
Now to thy opening arms she scuds along,
With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks,
And eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,
Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be pursued; nimbly she trips,
And darts a glance so tender, as she turns,
That with new hopes relieved, thy joys revive,
Thy stature's raised, and thou art more than man.
Thy stately port, and more majestic air,
And every sprightly motion speaks thy love.

To the loud bagpipe's solemn voice attend,
Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh.
Harmonious blasts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's sons to love, or war,
And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the sun's
Enlivening ray, that o'er the snowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes.

Forthwith in hoary majesty appears
One of gigantic size, but visage wan,
Milonides the strong; renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak, in rising, aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes

Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter ! like some huge rock he stands,
That breaks the' incumbent waves ; they throng-
ing press

In troops confused, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize :—' To him whose active foot
Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fringed with
gold.

To him, who best the stubborn hilts can wield,
And bloody marks of his displeasure leave
On his opponent's head, this beaver white
With silver edging graced, and scarlet plume.
Ye taper maidens ! whose impetuous speed
Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,
See here this prize, this rich laced smock behold,
White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft :
Bless'd nymph ! whom bounteous Heaven's pecu-
liar grace

Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems
To win a virgin, and to wear a bride.'

The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In speechless admiration fix'd, unmoved.
Even he who now each glorious palm displays,
In sullen silence views his batter'd limbs,
And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd
Young Pastorel, for active strength renown'd :
Him Ida bore, a mountain shepherdess ;
On the bleak wold the new-born infant lay,

Exposed to winter snows, and northern blasts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud descent, so might he boast
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muse!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy squire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every shouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From Kiftsgate⁷ to remotest Henbury⁷.
High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
A stately towering object; the tough belt
Measures his ample breast, and shades around
His shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens
The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enraged
To see the' important gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen:—

‘ Fair goddess! be propitious to my vows;
Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself
Shall rob us of this palm: that boaster vain
Far other port shall learn.’ She, with a look
That pierced his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast, and stirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd
The warrior-god, on glorious slaughter bent,
Provoked his rage, and with her eyes inflamed
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists, at once he strips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd

⁷ Two Hundreds, in Gloucestershire.

The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclined:
But as beseem'd one, whose plain honest heart
Nor passion foul, nor malice dark as hell,
But honour pure and love divine had fired,
His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left hand the belt, and with his right
His shoulder seized fast griping, his right foot
Essay'd the champion's strength; but firm he stood,
Fix'd as a mountain-ash, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fist
Fast on his back he closed, and shook in air
The cumbrous load. Nor rest, nor pause allow'd,
Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet;
They pant, they heave, each nerve, each sinew's
strain'd,

Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours rise, in briny streams
The sweat distils, and from their batter'd shins
The clotted gore distains the beaten ground.
Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph conceals

Her secret dread; while every panting breast
Alternate fears and hopes depress or raise.
Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,
Till Pastorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious stroke
At his left ankle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To stand impossible. O Ganderetta!
What horrors seize thy soul! on thy pale cheeks
The roses fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he slipp'd, and nimbly scaped

The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope
The wingy-footed artist, frail support!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful shrieks the crowd
Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump
Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
Up starts the vigorous Hobbinol undismay'd,
From mother earth like old Antæus raised,
With might redoubled. Clamour and applause
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,
He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique, his shoulder-point
Beneath his breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd press forward with tumultuous din;
Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations these: hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
Hoarse bagpipes roar, and Ganderetta smiles.

CANTO II.

Argument.

The fray.—Tonsorio, Colin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo.—Sir Rhadamanth the justice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray.—Rhadamanth's speech.—Tumult appeased.—Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character.—The Kiftsgatians' consternation; look wistfully on Hobbinol; his speech.—The cudgel-playing.—Gorgonius knocked down; falls upon Twangdillo; his distress; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

LONG while an universal hubbub loud,
 Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
 Till biting taunts, and harsh opprobrious words
 Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!
 How impotent to stem the swelling tide,
 And without insolence enjoy success!
 The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
 With victory, know no restraint, but give
 A loose to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
 Vaunting they raise above that earth-born race
 Of giants old, who piling hills on hills,
 Pelion on Ossa, with rebellious aim
 Made war on Jove. The sturdy mountaineers,
 Who saw their mightiest fallen, and in his fall
 Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won
 By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd down
 Upon the subject vale, sullied, despoil'd,
 And levell'd with the dust, no longer bear
 The keen reproach. But as when sudden fire
 Seizes the ripen'd grain, whose bending ears

Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In sooty triumph dreadful rides, upborne
On wings of wind, that with destructive breath
Feed the fierce flames, from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-wasting, and pernicious ruin spreads;
So through the crowd from breast to breast swift
flew

The propagated rage ; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave signs
Of wrath awaked. Prompt fury soon supplied
With arms uncouth ; tough, well-season'd plants,
Weighty with lead infused, on either host
Fall thick, and heavy ; stools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls are hurl'd
With fell intent ; like bombs the bottles fly
Hissing in air, their sharp-edged fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting gore ; heaps driven on heaps
Promiscuous lie. Tonsorio now advanced
On the rough edge of battle : his broad front
Beneath his shining helm secure, as erst
Was thine, Mambrino, stout Iberian knight !
Defied the rattling storm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club !
Crowds, push'd on crowds, before his potent arm
Fled ignominious ; havoc and dismay
Hung on their rear. Colin, a merry swain,
Blithe as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains
Of his soft-warbling lips, (that whistling cheer
His labouring team, they toss their heads well
pleased,
In gaudy plumage deck'd,) with stern disdain
Beheld this victor proud ; his generous soul
Brook'd not the foul disgrace. High o'er his head

His ponderous plough-staff in both hands he raised;
Erect he stood, and stretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk
Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears; they on his shoulders broad
Hungragged. Quick as thought the vigorous youth
Shortening his staff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonsorio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half choked, he fled; with him the host retired
Companions of his shame; all but the stout,
And erst unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy post
Unmoved, whilom thy valour's choice, now sad
Necessity compels; decrepit now
With age, and stiff with honourable wounds,
He stands unterrified; one crutch sustains
His frame majestic, the' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils enclosed, he dares his circling foes.
They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
The rash assault, the rustic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dexterous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudulent art relied:
Close to the ground low-cowering, unperceived,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age.
Reeling awhile he stood, and menaced fierce
The' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
The shock of warring winds, and the red bolts

Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,
His only hold ; that sever'd, soon he nods,
And shakes the' incumber'd mountain as he falls.

When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
Restored the fight. As in the' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's busy hand prepared
The smoky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
The routed host, and all her dastard friends
Far scatter'd o'er the plain ; their shameful flight
Grieved her proud heart, for hurried with the stream
Even Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greasy heroine snatch'd ; o'er her pale foes
The threatening meteor shone, brandish'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Across the prostrate Hildebrand she strode,
Dreadfully bright : the multitude appall'd
Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.
Imprudent she pursued, till, on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united press'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed sway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements ; of old
Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus, Dardan stream,
In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now
Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands,
She begged for life ; black ooze and filth obscene
Hung in her matted hair ; the shouting crowd
Insult her woes, and, proud of their success,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gathering storm, the rallied troops

Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,
That, by the huntsman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul
Purloin'd, his Cindy lost; stiffen'd and pale
Awhile he stood; his kindling ire at length
Burst forth implacable, and injured love
Shot lightning from his eyes; a spit he seized,
Just reeking from the fat surloin, a long,
Unwieldy spear; then with impetuous rage
Press'd forward on the embattled host, that shrunk
At his approach. The rich Avaro first,
His fleshy rump bored with dishonest wounds,
Fled bellowing; nor could his numerous flocks,
Nor all the aspiring pyramids, that grace
His yard well-stored, save the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin;
Nor his fond mother's prayers, nor ardent vows
Of love-sick maids could move relentless Fate.
Where'er he raged, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerved
With many an inroad gored. Then cast around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the dust he spied
Groveling, disconsolate; those locks, that erst
So bright, shone like the polish'd jet, defiled
With mire impure; thither with eager haste
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks

Ghastly he gazed, nor felt the pealing storm,
That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick
From every arm : o'erpower'd at last, down sunk
His drooping head, on her cold breast reclined.
Hail, faithful pair ! if aught my verse avail,
Nor envy's spite, nor time shall e'er efface
The records of your fame ; blind British bards,
In ages yet to come, on festal days
Shall chant this mournful tale, while listening
nymphs

Lament around, and every generous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is popular fury ! how perverse,
When broils intestine rage, and force controls
Reason and law ! As the torn vessel sinks
Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd ;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruised, incessant peal'd
With random strokes that undiscerning fall ;
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.
Mundungo, from the bloody field retired,
Close in a corner plied the peaceful bowl ;
Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapp'd in the cloud
That issued from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows ; but hostile rage
Inquisitive found out the rusty swain.
His short black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him stood,
Seized falling ; that its liquid freight disgorged
Upon the prostrate clown, floundering he lay
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd, so late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious wasp,

Voracious insect, by the fragrant dregs
Allured, and in the viscous nectar plunged,
His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain,
Lost in a flood of sweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onset and tumultuous battle spread;
And now they fall, and now they rise, incensed
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, shout, and female cries,
And curses mix'd with groans. Discord on high
Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hosts appear'd sage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee.
Great Sultan of the vale! thy front severe,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns submit approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where she weighs
The' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart
Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive sword; at thy command,
Stern minister of power supreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; dispatchful haste
Sits earnest on each brow, and public care.
Encompass'd round with these his dreadful guards,
He spurr'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his stirrups stretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm

Before him spread, like some grave orator
In Athens or free Rome, when eloquence
Subdued mankind, and all the listening crowd
Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude address'd:—

‘ Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the
flower

Of Kiftsgate! ah, what means this impious broil?
Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
Are Landen’s plains so soon forgot, that thus
Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength,
Which, well employ’d, once more might have com-
pell’d

The stripling Anjou to a shameful flight?

Or, by your great forefathers taught, have fix’d
The British standard on Lutetian towers?

O sight odious, detestable! O times

Degenerate, of ancient honour void!

This fact so foul, so riotous, insults

All law, all sovereign power, and calls aloud
For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know,
How slow this arm to punish, and how bleeds
This heart, when forced on rigorous extremes.

O countrymen! all, all, can testify

My vigilance, my care for public good.

I am the man, who by your own free choice

Select from all the tribes, in senates ruled

Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores

Of ancient science in my country’s cause.

Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep,

Each secret spring reveal’d, Thuanus bold

Breathed liberty, and all the mighty dead,

Raised at my call, the British rights confirm’d;

While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer’d in
vain.

I am the man, who from the bench exalt
This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice
Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
Entangled, and in subtle problems lost,
Seeks not to me for aid? In shoals they come
Neglected, feeless clients, nor return
Unedified; scarce greater multitudes
At Delphi sought the god, to learn their fate
From his dark oracles. I am the man,
Whose watchful providence, beyond the date
Of this frail life extends, to future times
Beneficent; my useful schemes shall steer
The commonweal in ages yet to come.
Your children's children, taught by me, shall keep
Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
The Sibyls' sacred books, though wrote on leaves
And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
Collected; so your sons shall glean with care
My hallow'd fragments, every scrip divine
Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
Hear me, my countrymen! Oh suffer not
This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
To sink with sorrow to the grave.'—He spake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The sovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam and rage no more; all now is hush'd:
The multitude appeased, a cheerful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides,
And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.

Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanced,
A gauntlet seized, firm on his guard he stood

A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade ; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand ; the bulky beast
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fist descending crush'd his skull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bored from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruised sore the rising arch, and bent his nose :
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,
Hockleian hero ! nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monstrous size,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
Of subtle Ithacus. Terribly gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion
shone.

Sternly he gazed around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provoked the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erst so bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes
Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last
Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope ;
Each eye solicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceived
Their secret wish, and eased their doubting minds.

‘ Ye men of Kiftsgate ! whose wide-spreading
fame

In ancient days was sung from shore to shore,
To British bards of old a copious theme ;

Too well, alas ! in your pale cheeks I view
Your dastard souls. O mean, degenerate race !
But since on me ye call, each suppliant eye
Invites my sovereign aid, lo ! here I come,
The bulwark of your fame, though scarce my brows
Are dry from glorious toils, just now achieved,
To vindicate your worth. Lo ! here I swear,
By all my great forefathers' fair renown ;
By that illustrious wicker, where they sat
In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth
Gave law to passive clowns ; or on this spot,
In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms
Sinks to death's cold embrace ; or by this hand
That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall
Prone on the ground, and do your honour right.'

Forthwith the hilts he seized ; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful contest waged, but from her soon
He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain ;
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild :

' Ill should I merit these imperial robes,
Ensigns of majesty, by general voice
Conferr'd, should pain, or death itself avail
To shake the steady purpose of my soul.
Peace, fair-one ! Heaven will protect the man
By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love.'

Her from the listed field the matrons sage
Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd.

Now front to front the fearless champions meet:
Gorgonius like a tower, whose cloudy top
Invades the skies, stood lowering ; far beneath
The stripling Hobbinol, with careful eye

Each opening scans, and each unguarded space
Measures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whose heart elate
Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
An easy victory: down came at once
The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interposed, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet
Now shifts his ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded shins
Batters secure; each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The strokes redoubled peal his hollow sides.
The multitude amazed with horror view
The rattling storm, shrink back at every blow,
And seem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnash'd his teeth, and from his blood-shot eye
Red lightning flash'd, the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabric; once again
Erect he stands, collected, and resolved
To conquer, or to die: swift as the bolt
Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends.
But wary Hobbinol, whose watchful eye
Perceived his kind intent, slipp'd on one side
Declining; the vain stroke from such an height,
With such a force impell'd, headlong drew down
The' unwieldy champion: on the solid ground
He fell rebounding breathless, and astunn'd,
His trunk extended lay; sore maim'd, from out
His heaving breast he belch'd a crimson flood.
Full leisurely he rose, but conscious shame
Of honour lost his failing strength renew'd.

Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
Blacken'd his stormy front; rash, furious, blind,
And lavish of his blood, of random strokes
He laid on load; without design or art
Onward he press'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wise niggard of his strength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
One hapless blow; o'er his strong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and his knotty point impress'd
His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolved, yet, thus distress'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when the' unwary clown, with hasty step,
Crushes the folded snake, her wounded parts
Groveling she trails along, but her high crest
Erect she bears; in all its speckled pride,
She swells inflamed, and with her forky tongue
Threatens destruction. With like eager haste,
The' impatient Hobbinol, whose excessive pain
Stung to his heart, a speedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-dissembled guile, his batter'd shins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menaced with his plant.
Gorgonius, whose long-suffering legs scarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his supporters frail
Indulgent, soon the friendly hilts opposed;
Betray'd, deceived, on his unguarded crest
The stroke delusive fell; a dismal groan
Burst from his hollow chest, his trembling hands
Forsook the hilts, across the spacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
To' escape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive

His ponderous trunk ; on thee, on helpless thee,
Headlong and heavy, the foul monster fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, the' unhappy bard
Lay prostrate ; nor was more renown'd thy song,
O seer of Thrace ! nor more severe thy fate.
His vocal shell, the solace and support
Of wretched age, gave one melodious scream,
And in a thousand fragments strew'd the plain.
The nymphs, sure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid ; his hairy breast expose
To each refreshing gale, and with soft hands
His temples chafe : at their persuasive touch
His fleeting soul returns ; upon his rump
He sat disconsolate ; but when, alas !
He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again
He sunk expiring ; by their friendly care
Once more revived, he thrice essay'd to speak,
And thrice the rising sobs his voice subdued ;
Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd :—
 ' Sweet instrument of mirth ! sole comfort left
To my declining years ! whose sprightly notes
Restored my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
Soft healing balm to every wounded heart !
Despairing, dying swains, from the cold ground
Upraised by thee, at thy melodious call,
With ravish'd ears received the flowing joy :
Gay pleasantry, and care-beguiling joke,
Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice
All nature smiled. But, oh ! this hand no more
Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays
Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol ! and all
Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man !

Thy bold exploits? Who shall thy grandeur tell,
Supreme of Kiftsgate? See thy faithful bard,
Despoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
Whose vocal cliffs were taught my joyous song.
Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whose banks
The frolic crowd, led by my numerous strains,
Their orgies kept, and frisk'd it o'er the green,
Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring streams
Danced by, well-pleased. Oh! let thy friendly
waves

O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accursed.'

So plains the restless Philomel, her nest
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey;
Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan.

CANTO III.

Argument.

Good eating expedient for heroes.—Homer praised for keeping a table.—Hobbinol triumphant.—Ganderetta's bill of fare.—Panegyric upon ale.—Gossiping over a bottle.—Compliment to Mr. John Philips.—Ganderetta's perplexity discovered by Hobbinol; his consolatory speech, compares himself to Guy Earl of Warwick.—Ganderetta encouraged, strips for the race; her amiable figure.—Fusca the gipsy, her dirty figure.—Tabitha, her great reputation for speed; hired to the dissenting academy at Tewksbury.—A short account of Gamaliel the master, and his hopeful scholars.—Tabitha carries weight.—The smock-race.—Tabitha's fall.—Fusca's short triumph, her humiliation.—Ganderetta's matchless speed.—Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet.—Their mutual triumph.—The vicissitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol.—Mopsa, formerly his servant, with her two children appears to him.—Mopsa's speech; assaults Ganderetta; her flight.—Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to Sir Rheadamant's.

THOUGH some of old, and some of modern date,
 Penurious, their victorious heroes fed
 With barren praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!
 Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
 Behold the' immortal Hobbinol: reward
 With due regalement his triumphant toils.
 Let Quixote's hardy courage and renown,
 With Sancho's prudent care, be meetly join'd.
 O thou of bards supreme, Mæonides!
 What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
 Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood

Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor-chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled ; and men, and gods,
Opposed in vain. For the brave man, whose arm
Repell'd his country's wrong, even he, the great
Atrides, king of kings, even he prepares
With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.
Full to the brim the brazen caldrons smoke,
Through all the busy camp the rising blaze
Attests their joy ; heroes and kings forego
Their state and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obsequious. On a polish'd charger placed,
The bulky chine, with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently shines.
The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repast divides with Jove ; from out
The sparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeasured ; with unstinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol ; the crowd
Transported view, and bless their glorious chief :
All Kiftsgate sounds his praise with joint acclaim.
Him every voice, him every knee confess'd,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
The flowery turf, earth's painted lap, are spread
The rural dainties ; such as Nature boon
Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taste,
Delicious. For she long since prepared
To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries
Are piled on heaps ; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears.
The ruby-tinctur'd corinth clustering hangs,

And emulates the grape : green codlings float
In dulcet creams ; nor wants the last year's store,
The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,
Impregnable to winter frosts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The custard's gelid flood
Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheesecakes and pies, in various forms upraised,
In well-built pyramids, aspiring stand. [suade
Black hams, and tongues, that speechless can per-
To ply the brisk carouse, and cheer the soul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts ; here jocund swains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
Their native beverage ; in the brimming glass
The liquid amber smiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes ; let the false Gaul,
Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtle wiles, from the' adverse shore
Pour forth his numerous hosts ; Iberia ! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft display
Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
With prayers and vows, most formidably strong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible ; yet fruitless all their toils,
Vain every rash effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, still supplies
The flowing treasure, and with sums immense
Supports the throne ; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul
With native honour, and resistless rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd ; each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love.

Here, in a merry knot combined, the nymphs

Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils
Of the laborious bee. The modest maid
But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd :
Each lover, with observant eye beholds
Her graceful shame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires ; but matrons sage,
Better experienced, and instructed well
In midnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,
Grasp the capacious bowl ; nor cease to draw
The spumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about ; now Scandal sly
Insinuating gilds the specious tale
With treacherous praise, and with a double face
Ambiguous wantonness demurely sneers,
Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntless impudence appears unmask'd.
Others apart, in the cool shade retired,
Silurian cider quaff, by that great bard
Ennobled, who first taught my grovelling Muse
To mount aërial. O ! could I but raise
My feeble voice to his exalted strains,
Or 'to the height of this great argument,'
The generous liquid in each line should bounce
Spirituos, nor oppressive cork subdue
Its foaming rage ; but to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing task.

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy turf
Revell'd at large : while nought around was heard
But mirth confused, and undistinguish'd joy,
And laughter far resounding ; serious care
Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breast
Retiring ; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh
Escapes unheeded, spite of all her art ;

The trembling blushes, on her lovely cheeks,
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glass
She flies abstemious, shuns the' untasted feast.
But careful Hobbinol, whose amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place
Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon
Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks
He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He press'd to his; then with these soothing words,
Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes revived.

‘Courage, my fair! the splendid prize is thine;
Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,
Nor blast the glories of this happy day.
Hear me, ye swains! Ye men of Kiftsgate! hear:
Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
These royal ornaments, though great the force
Of this puissant arm, as all must own,
Who saw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
And knightly prowess, than that mighty Guy,
So famed in antique song, Warwick's great earl
Who slew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
Maintain'd a summer's day, and freed this realm
From Danish vassalage; his ponderous sword,
And massy spear, attest the glorious deed;
Nor less his hospitable soul is seen
In that capacious caldron, whose large freight
Might feast a province; yet were I like him
The nation's pride, like him I could forego
All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
A jocund pilgrim, in the lonesome den,
And rocky cave, with these my royal hands [tent,
Scoop the cold streams, with herbs, and roots con-

Mean sustenance ! could I by this but gain
For the dear fair, the prize her heart desires.
Believe me, charming maid ! I'd be a worm,
The meanest insect, and the lowest thing
The world despises, to enhance thy fame.'
So cheer'd he his fair queen, and she was cheer'd.

Now with a noble confidence inspired,
Her looks assure success, now stripp'd of all
Her cumbrous vestments, Beauty's vain disguise,
She shines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a braid
Hung careless, with becoming grace each blush
Varied her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light salutes
The joyful earth, impurpling half the skies.
Her heaving breast, through the thin covering
view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the skill
Of Phidias ; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin-huntress, for the chase array'd
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to lessen her superior mien,
And goddess-like deport. The master's hand,
Rare artisan ! with proper shades improves
His lively colouring ; so here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fusca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grime, and with her freckled skin
Offends the crowd. She of the Gipsy-train

Had wander'd long, and the sun's scorching rays
Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view
The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-sick maid, who barter all her store
For airy visions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, (if the current fame say true)
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd;
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring mart¹, for mustard
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join [famed,
The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel sage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
In all the gainful discipline of prayer:
To point the holy leer, by just degrees
To close the twinkling eye, to' expand the palms,
To expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
To glare upon the crowd; to raise, or sink
The docile voice, now murmuring soft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence
Let loose the storm, and thunder through the nose
The threaten'd vengeance: every Muse profane
Is banish'd hence, and Heliconian streams
Deserted, the famed Leman-lake supplies
More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indu'gent Heaven

¹ Tewksbury, in the vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

Each grace divine bestows, nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
Of saints elect! royal prerogative!
Here in domestic cares employ'd and bound
To annual servitude, frail Tabitha,
Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain
Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms
That grieve her soul; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedless by: yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,
Beneath the' unwieldy load, her wonted speed.
Others of meaner fame the stately Muse
Records not; on more lofty flights intent
She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.

Room for the master of the ring; ye swains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glittering prize, on the tall standard borne,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum
Of solemn sound, and the' animating horn,
Each huntsman's joy: the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feasts, whose cheerful notes
Give life and motion to the' unwieldy clown.
Even Age revives; and the pale puking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
The' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
His standard, there himself majestic swells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
The' expected signal, with impatient eyes
Measure the space between, and in conceit
Already grasp the warm-contested prize.
Now all at once rush forward to the goal,

And step by step, and side by side, they ply
Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot
 along
Through the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
Such noise confused is heard, such wild uproar,
When on the main the swelling surges rise,
Dash o'er the rocks, and hurrying through the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.
Before the rest tall Tabitha was seen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the shooting star, that gilds the night
With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies,
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
And like that falling meteor, there she lies
A jelly cold on earth. Fusca with joy
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse
Insulting bounds; hope gave her wings, and now
Exerting all her speed, step after step,
At Ganderetta's elbow urged her way,
Her shoulder pressing, and with poisonous breath
Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held
The sharp contest, had not propitious Heaven
With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
Dispensed its favours. For as o'er the green
The careless Gipsy, with incautious speed,
Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd;
Haply she treads, where late the merry train,

In wasteful luxury, and wanton joy
Lavish had spilt the cider's frothy flood,
And mead with custard mix'd. Surprised, appall'd,
And in the treacherous puddle struggling long,
She slipp'd, she fell, upon her back supine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noisy scorn approved her just disgrace.
As the sleek leveret skims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue.
Borne on the wings of wind the dear-one flies,
Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
In beauty's prime; when through the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charged with the high behests of Heaven's great
Her at the goal with open arms received [queen!
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he seized
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy;
Expressive silence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Less mute, the crowd in echoing shouts applaud
Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love.

Upon a little eminence, whose top
O'erlook'd the plain, a steep but short ascent,
Placed in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
Fair Ganderetta shone; like mother Eve
In her gay silvan lodge, delicious bower!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule or art, had lavish'd all her store,
To deck the flowery roof; and at her side,
Imperial Hobbinol, with front sublime,
Great as a Roman consul, just return'd

From cities sack'd and provinces laid waste,
In his paternal wicker sat, enthroned;
With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands
O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates
Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown
Looks big, and shouts again, mad with the taste
Of power supreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts awhile,
And strut upon the stage; the scene is changed,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched vicissitude! for after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious soul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! pushing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With hasty step, and visage incomposed!
Wildly she stared; rage sparkled in her eyes,
And poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows
A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its beams; the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes,
A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,

His frustrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his share defrauded; then amain
He also screams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawless love! O sting
Of pleasures past! As when a full-freight ship
Bless'd in a rich return of pearl, or gold,
Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly die,
Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,
And all her gaudy trim display'd; o'erjoy'd
The master smiles; but if from some small creek,
A lurking corsair the rich quarry spies,
With all her sails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow sides
Check his triumphant course; aghast he stands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are dash'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
But the sad choice of slavery, or death.
So fared it with the hapless Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surprised by her, whose dreadful face alone
Could shake his stedfast soul. In vain he turns,
And shifts his place averse; she haunts him still,
And glares upon him with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd
with sighs
At length burst forth, and thus she storms, enraged:
' Know'st thou not me? false man! not to know
Argues thyself unknowing of thyself, [me
Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with success.

Is injured Mopsa then so soon forgot?
Thou knew'st me once, ah! woe is me, thou didst!
But if laborious days, and sleepless nights,
If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
Inseparable guests, have thus disguised
Thy once beloved, thy handmaid dear; if thine
And Fortune's frowns have blasted all my charms;
If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,
Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
If through the world I range a slighted shade,
The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
At least know these. See! this sweet simpering
babe,

Dear image of thyself; see! how it sprunts
With joy at thy approach! see, how it gilds
Its soft smooth face, with false paternal smiles!
Native deceit, from thee, base man, derived!—
Or view this other self, in every art
Of smiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,
The very Hobbinol! Ah, cruel man!
Wicked, ingrate! And could'st thou then so soon,
So soon forget that pleasing fatal night,
When me, beneath the flowery thorn surprised,
Thy artful wiles betray'd? Was there a star,
By which thou didst not swear? Was there a curse,
A plague on earth, thou didst not then invoke
On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
Proved haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
Declined the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
Too well, alas! my throbbing breast perceived
The black impending storm; the conscious moon
Veil'd in a sable cloud her modest face,
And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
And yet I love thee.—Oh! couldst thou behold

That image dwelling in my heart! But why?
Why waste I here these unavailing tears?
On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
All, all my vengeance fall! Ye lightnings blast
That face accursed, the source of all my woe!
Arm, arm, ye furies! arm; all hell break loose!
While thus I lead you to my just revenge,
And thus'—Up starts the' astonish'd Hobbinol
To save his better half:—'Fly, fly, (he cries)
Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage.'
Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds,
And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn:—
So the coursed hare to the close covert flies,
Still trembling, though secure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend; around him press
A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate these
Insulting show: arrested, and amazed,
Half dead he stands: no friends dare interpose,
But bow dejected to the' imperial scroll:
Such is the force of law. While conscious shame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's august tribunal dragg'd:
Good Rhadamanth! to every wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himself alone.

MISCELLANIES.

THE HIP.

TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ.

THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT METEOR, IN MARCH, 1715.

THIS dismal morn, when east winds blow,
And every languid pulse beats low,
With face most sorrowfully grim,
And head oppress'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and just as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty :
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Music to sooth my restless mind :
But oh ! my friend, I sing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain ;
Since thou art gone, my heart's desire,
And heaven, and earth, and sea, conspire
To make my miseries complete ;
Where shall a wretched Hip retreat ?
What shall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for sunshine and for you ?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you or Phillis is my theme,
While love or friendship warm my soul,
My shins are burning to a coal.
If raised to speculations high,
I gaze the stars and spangled sky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,

Amazed I view strange globes of light ;
Meteors with horrid lustre bright
My guilty trembling soul affright.
To mother Earth's prolific bed,
Pensive I stoop my giddy head,
From thence, too, all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor grass, nor shrubs, appear
To deck the smiling infant year ;
But blasts my tender blossoms wound,
And desolation reigns around.
If seaward my dark thoughts I bend,
O ! where will my misfortunes end !
My loyal soul distracted meets
Attainted dukes and Spanish fleets¹.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spite ;
Successive mischiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis still an endless scene of woe.
'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return ;
Till thy brisk wit and humorous vein
Restore me to myself again.
Let others vainly seek for ease
From Galen or Hippocrates,
I scorn such nauseous aids as these :
Haste then, my dear ! unbribed attend ;
The best elixir is a friend.

¹ An invasion from Spain was then expected.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW CHAIR,

NEW-CLOTHED.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend !
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danced into form, and built the Theban wall ;
 Why should'st not thou attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;
 But what are trappings and external show ?
 To real worth alone I make my court ;
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;
 Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house.
 Thy robe how changed from what it was before !
 Thy velvet robe, which pleased my sires of yore !
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round ;
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
 Yet grateful then, my constancy I proved ;
 I knew thy worth ; my friends in rags I loved :
 I loved thee more ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
 My benefactor when the tide was turn'd.
 With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess
 That in my youthful days—I loved thee less.
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,
 And every wayward appetite obey'd ;
 But sage Experience taught me how to prize
 Myself, and how this world : she bade me rise
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race
 Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place
 My bliss, and lodged me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
 And, patiently, what Heaven has sent endure;
 From all the futile cares of business free,
 Not fond of life, but yet content to be :
 Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
 And all the malice of the storm defies;
 With ease of body bless'd, and peace of mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind;
 Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
 On his great voyage to the world unknown.

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON

RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

HOR.

DEAR Knight! how great a drudge is he
 Who would excel in poetry;
 And yet how few have learn'd the art
 To' inform the head or touch the heart!
 Some with a dry and barren brain,
 Poor rogues! like costive lapdogs strain;
 While others with a flux of wit
 The reader and their friends beshit.
 Would you, Sir Knight, my judgment know?
 He still writes worst who writes so-so.
 In this the mighty secret lies,
 To elevate and to surprise.

Thus far my pen at random run,
 The fire was out, the clock struck one,
 When, lo! strange hollow murmurs from without
 Invade my ears. In every quarter roused,
 The warring winds rush from their rocky caves
 Tumultuous; the vapours dank or dry,
 Beneath their standards ranged, with lowering front
 Darken the welkin. At each dreadful shock
 Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother Earth
 Bend low their suppliant heads; the nodding towers
 Menace destruction, and old Edric's house
 From its foundation shakes. The bellowing clouds
 Burst into rain, or gild their sable skirts
 With flakes of ruddy fire: fierce elements
 In ruin reconciled! Redoubled peals
 Of ceaseless thunder roar. Convulsions rend
 The firmament. The whole creation stands
 Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
 And now, perhaps, dear friend! you wonder
 In this dread scene of wind, rain, thunder,
 What a poor guilty wretch could do:
 Then hear—(for faith, I tell you true)
 I water'd, shook my giddy head,
 Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

TO DR. M——.

READING MATHEMATICS.

VAIN our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care;
 The cost and labour we may justly spare:
 Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,
 Leaves us at large to' expatiate unconfined;
 All science opens to our wondering eyes,
 And the good man is in a moment wise.

ON

MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

THE sun departing, hides his head,
The lily and the rose are dead,
 The birds forget to sing ;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
 But watch the' approaching spring.

For soon the merry month of May
Restores the bright all-cheering ray ;
 Soft notes charm every grove :
The flowers ambrosial incense breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
 Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each shepherd only not expires ;
 How rueful is the scene !
How the dull moments creep along !
No sportive dance, no rural song,
 No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richest livery wears,
 All Nature's blithe and gay ;
The swains, transported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
 Bless the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer,
Kind Heaven permitted us to share
 A blessing so divine ;
While smiling hope gave some relief,
And joys alternate sooth'd our grief,
 What shepherd could repine ?

But now—her fatal loss we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return

To these deserted plains :
Undone, abandon'd to despair,
Alas ! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy swains.

Ye little Loves ! lament around ;
With empty quivers strew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down :
Harmless your wounds, pointless your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till she your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs ! ye Fawns ! complaining sigh ;
Ye Graces ! let your tresses fly,
The sport of every wind ;
Ye mimic Echoes ! tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone ! she's gone ! unkind !

Break, shepherds ! break each tuneless reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear ;
Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,
Past pleasures but enhance our pain,
And life's not worth our care.

PRESENTING TO A LADY

A WHITE ROSE AND A RED,

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

If this pale Rose offend your sight
It in your bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there :

But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermilion bright,
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain ;
As uncontrollable as Fate
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,
And Whigs and Tories join,
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.

Yet, this, my gracious monarch ! own,
They're tyrants that oppress ;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like Heaven to bless.

TO PHYLLIS.

THOUGH close immured, poor captive Maid !
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part,
The gold that in her lap was laid
Soon found a passage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguiled
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright destruction smiled ;
Enjoy'd her god, and died in state.

The swan on Leda's whiter breast,
Artful deceiver ! nestling lay ;
With joy she clasp'd her downy guest,
Fond of a bird so soft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit share,
Where interest reigns, or pride, or show ?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart shall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan ;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herself alone.

THE COQUETTE.

WHEN tortured by the cruel fair,
And almost mad with wild despair,
My fleeting spirits rove ;
One cordial glance restores her slave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And soothes my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm toss'd,
Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast :
What wretch can long endure
Such odd perplexing pangs as these,
When neither mortal the disease,
Nor yet complete the cure ?

Proud tyrant ! since to save or kill
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder sentence give ;
Reverse my strange untoward fate ;
O ! let me perish by thy hate,
Or by thy kindness live !

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confess 'tis all in vain
To patch the ruins of thy face ;
Nor of ill-natured Time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more shall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no laced fop nor feather'd beau
Despairing at thy feet shall die ;

Yet still, my charmer ! wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate ;
Thy setting beams with lustre shine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower ! soon fades away,
And transient are the joys of love ;
But wit and virtue ne'er decay,
Adored below, and bless'd above.

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the soft delights of love,
Spare me, O ! spare me, cruel boy !
Nor seek in vain that heart to move
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,
(When smit with fair Pastora's charms)
I served thee many a long campaign,
And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty god! dismiss thy slave,
To feeble age let youth succeed;
Recruit among the strong and brave,
And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
My soul for better guests prepares;
Reason restored, and Virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe! tell me why,
Why trickles down this silent tear?
Why do these blushes rise and die?
Why stand I mute when thou art here?

E'en sleep affords my soul no rest,
Thee bathing in the stream I view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires!
Thy vassal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

Who now regards Chloris, her tears, and her
whining,
Her sighs, and fond wishes, and awkward repining?
What a pothier is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!
A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;

To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touch-
wood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maids! there's no way of evading:
While you pish and cry 'Nay;' your roses are
fading: [dwindle,

Though your passion survive, your beauty will
And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths, we prostrate before ye,
When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye fair! be advised, and snatch the kind
blessing,

And show your good conduct by timely possessing.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE, DRINKING.

WHEN, my dear Cloe! you resign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glass you drink still paints your face
With some new victorious grace;
Charms in reserve my soul surprise,
And by fresh wounds your lover dies.
Who can resist thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that soft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vassal world obeys.
God of the grape, boast now no more
Thy triumphs on far Indus' shore;
Each useless weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
Give but this juice in full supplies.
And trust thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

THE
LAMENTATION OF DAVID
OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

PROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Israel's beauty on the mountains dies.
How are the mighty fallen !

Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the aliens' ears :
Bid fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame ;
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.

O Gilboa ! ye hills aspiring high,
The last sad scene of Israel's tragedy ;
No fattening dews be on thy lawns distill'd,
No kindly showers refresh the thirsty field ;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,
No spotless kids that on our altars blaze ;
Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,
Accursed by men, and hateful to the skies.
On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
The shield of Saul was vilely cast away ;
The Lord's anointed, Saul ! his sacred blood
Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common flood.
How are the mighty fallen !

Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd and the mighty bled ;
The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly ;
Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,
As Fate insatiate, and as sure the blow.

The son, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught ;
Eager his sire's illustrious steps to trace,
And by heroic deeds assert his race.

The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood :
His darling thus the forest monarch rears,
A firm associate for his future wars :
In union terrible, they seize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.

In peace united, as in war combined,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd ;
Paternal grace with filial duty vied ;
And love, the knot of nature, closer tied :
Even Fate relents, reveres the sacred band,
And undivided bids their friendship stand.
From earth to heaven enlarged, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter still they shine above,
Bless'd in a long eternity of love.

Daughters of Israel ! o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament ; the king, the father, mourn ;
Oh ! now at least indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can bestow.
Cast off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undissembled sorrows cloud the day :
Those ornaments victorious Saul bestow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple
glow'd :

Quit crowns and garlands for the sable weed,
To songs of triumph let dumb grief succeed ;
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen !

Though thus distress'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd
Light is the burden that admits relief ; [with grief,

My labouring soul superior woes oppress,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor Fate redress :
Another Saul your sorrows can remove,
No second Jonathan shall bless my love.

O Jonathan ! my friend, my brother dear !
Eyes ! stream afresh, and call forth every tear ;
Swell, my sad heart ! each faltering pulse beat low,
Down sink my head beneath this weight of woe.
Hear my laments, ye hills ! ye woods ! return
My ceaseless groans : with me, ye turtles ! mourn.
How pleasant hast thou been ! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, sat blooming on thy face :
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories sprung,
And manna dropp'd from thy persuasive tongue.
Witness, great Heaven ! (from you those ardours
How wonderful his love ! the kindest dame {came})
Loved not like him, nor felt so warm a flame.
No earthly passion to such height aspires,
And seraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Israel's cause the pious patriot warms ;
In vain, while deaths promiscuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. MR. MOORE.

OF humble birth, but of more humble mind,
By learning much, by virtue more refined,
A fair and equal friend to all mankind :
Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn ;
Their hearts unite in undissembled woe,
And in one common stream their sorrows flow.

Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
From sinful riots silently he fled,
But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.
Manners and men he knew, and when to press
The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove ;
When sour rebukes, and harsher language fail,
Could with a lucky jest, or merry tale,
O'er stubborn souls in Virtue's cause prevail.
Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
Feasted with manna and celestial food :
He taught them how to live, and how to die ;
Nor did his actions give his words the lie.

Go, happy soul, sublimely take thy flight
Through fields of ether, in long tracts of light,
The guest of angels ; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.

Just God ! eternal Source of power and love !
Whom we lament on earth, give us above ;
Oh ! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliss without alloy, and without end !

EPITAPH UPON HUGH LUMBER,

HUSBANDMAN.

IN cottages and homely cells
True piety neglected dwells,
Till call'd to heaven, her native seat,
Where the good man alone is great :
'Tis then this humble dust shall rise,
And view his Judge with joyful eyes,
While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

ODES.

TO
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

UPON HIS REMOVAL FROM ALL HIS PLACES.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

WHEN, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious rays,
Above the Muse's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praise ;
In vain the goddess mounts her native skies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise ;
In vain she toils to do her hero right,
Lost in excessive day and boundless tracts of light.
The Theban swan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds sublimely sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas ! would Pindar do,
Were his bold Muse to sing of you ?
Can Chromius' strength be named with your's ?
Can mimic fights and sportive war

With Schellembergh's demolish'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field, compare?
The bard would blush at Theron's speed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed;
And the despairing foe's pursued
Through towns and provinces subdued.
Fond poet! spare thy empty boast,
In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies
 To execute his vast designs,
 To pass the Scheld, to force the lines
Swift as thy smoking car, to win the' Olympic prize.
 But now, when with diminish'd light,
 And beams more tolerably bright,
 With less of grandeur and surprise,
 Mild you descend to mortal eyes;
 Your setting glories charm us more
 Than all your dazzling pomp before:
 Your worth is better understood,
 The hero more distinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not so great as good.
 True Virtue's amiable face
 Improves when shaded by disgrace;
 A lively sense of conscious worth,
 Calls all her hidden beauties forth,
 Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And by her own intrinsic light creates a nobler day.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride,
Who to her knaves and fools supplies
Those favours which the brave despise;
Let Faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;

Let Envy's vipers hiss aloud,
 And rouse all hell with dire alarms ;
 Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove ;
 Yet still the hero's mind shall be
 Unchangeable, resolved, and free,
 Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.
 Britons ! look back on those auspicious days,
 On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
 And with your gasping foes encumber'd all the
 Or when Ramillia's bloody plain [flood ;
 Was fatten'd with the mighty slain ;
 Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd,
 With force that heaven itself had scaled ;
 Did then reviling pens profane
 Your Marlborough's sacred name ?
 Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd ?
 Did their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud ?
 Did mercenary tools conspire
 To curse the hero whom their foes admire ?
 No !—The contending nations sung his praise ;
 While bards of every clime
 Exert their most triumphant lays ;
 No thought too great, no diction too sublime.
 Hail, glorious prince ! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
 For thy invulnerable fame
 No diminution can receive ;
 Thou, mighty man ! art still the same,
 Thy purer gold eludes the flame ;
 This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,
 And persecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
 But what, alas ! shall fainting Europe do ?
 How stand the shock of her imperious foe ?
 What successor shall bear the weight
 Of all our cares, and prop the state ?

Since thou, our Atlas, art removed,
O best deserving chief! and therefore best beloved.

To your own Blenheim's blissful seat,
From this ungrateful world retreat ;
A gift unequal to that hero's worth [tons forth
Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Bri-
To free the Danube and the Rhine ;
Who by the thunder of his arms
Shook the proud Rhone with loud alarms,
And raised a tempest in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigues of war
Repose your envied virtues here ;
Enjoy, my lord, the sweet repast
Of all your glorious toils,
A pleasure that shall ever last,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the just sense of virtuous deeds ;
Content with endless fame, condemn the meaner
Pomona calls and Pan invites [spoils.
To rural pleasures, chaste delights ;
The orange and the citron grove
Will by your hand alone improve ;
Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,
And wait your presence to revive the year.
In this Elysium more than bless'd,
Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
Revolve in your capacious breast
The various unforeseen events,
And unexpected accidents,
That change the flattering scene, and overturn the
great.

Frail are our hopes, and short the date
 Of grandeur's transitory state.
 Corinthian brass shall melt away,
 And Parian marble shall decay :
 The vast Colossus, that on either shore
 Exulting stood, is now no more ;
 Arts and artificers shall die,
 And in one common ruin lie.
 Behold your own majestic palace rise
 In haste to emulate the skies ;
 The gilded globes, the painted spires ;
 See the proud dome's ambitious height,
 Emblem of power and pompous state,
 Above the clouds aspires :
 Yet Vulcan's spite, or angry Jove,
 May soon its towering pride reprove,
 Its painted glories soon efface,
 Divide the ponderous roof and shake the solid base.
 Material structures must submit to Fate ;
 But virtue, which alone is truly great,
 Virtue like your's, my lord, shall be
 Secure of immortality.
 No foreign force, nor factious rage,
 Nor envy nor devouring age,
 Your lasting glory shall impair ;
 Time shall mysterious truths declare,
 And works of darkness shall disclose ;
 This blessing is reserved for you,
 To' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
 And malice of your foes.
 If glorious actions, in a glorious cause,
 If valour negligent of praise,
 Deserving, yet retiring from applause,
 In generous minds can great ideas raise ;

If Europe saved, and liberty restored,
 By steady conduct and a prosperous sword,
 Can claim in freeborn souls a just esteem,
 Britain's victorious chief shall be
 Revered by late posterity,
 The hero's pattern and the poet's theme.

OCCASIONED BY

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

EMBARKING FOR OSTEND, 1712.

*Interque mœrentes amicos
 Egregius properavit exul.* HOR.

YE powers, who rule the boundless deep,
 Whose dread commands the winds obey,
 To roll the waters on a heap,
 Or smooth the liquid way,
 Propitious hear Britannia's prayer;
 Britannia's hope is now your care,
 Whom oft to yonder distant shore
 Your hospitable billows bore,
 When Europe in distress implored
 Relief from his victorious sword;
 Who, when the mighty work was done,
 Tyrants repell'd and battles won,
 On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
 Through these your watery realms in yearly triumph
 To winds and seas, distress'd, he flies, [rode.
 From storms at land, and faction's spite:

Though the more fickle crowd denies,
The winds, the seas, shall do his virtue right.
Be hush'd, ye winds ! be still, ye seas !
Ye billows ! sleep at ease,
And in your rocky caverns rest ;
Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.
Here no unruly passions reign,
Nor servile fear nor proud disdain,
Each wilder lust is banish'd hence,
Where gentle love presides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy cares arise ;
Conscious honour still supplies
Friendly hope and peace of mind,
Such as dying martyrs find :
Serene within, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs sit heavy on his foes.

Say, Muse ! what hero shall I sing,
What great example bring,
To parallel this mighty wrong,
And with his graceful woes adorn my song ?
Shall brave Themistocles appear
Before the haughty Persian's throne ?
While conquer'd chiefs confess their fear,
And shatter'd fleets his triumphs own ;
In admiration fix'd the monarch stood,
With secret joy his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinsic worth than provinces subdued :
Or faithful Aristides, sent,
For being just, to banishment ?
He writ the rigid sentence down,
He pitied the misguided clown :
Or him who, when bribed orators misled
The factious tribes, to hostile Sparta fled ?

The vile ingrateful crowd
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud ;
But soon the fools discover'd to their cost,
Athens in Alcibiades was lost.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus ; against noisy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.

Ungrateful Rome !

Punish'd by Heaven's avenging doom,
Soon shall thy ardent vows invite him home,
The mighty chieftain soon recall,
To prop the falling Capitol,
And save his country from the perjured Gaul.
Search, Muse ! the dark records of time,
And every shameful story trace,
Black with injustice and disgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime ;
Yet these, all these, but faintly can express
Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.

The noblest object that our eyes can bless,
Is the brave man triumphant in distress ;
Above the reach of partial Fate,
Above the vulgar's praise or hate, [press.
Whom no feign'd smiles can raise, no real frowns de-
View him, ye Britons ! on the naked shore,
Resolved to trust your faithless vows no more ;
That mighty man ! who for ten glorious years
Surpass'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name in every clime renown'd,
By nations bless'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In solemn jubilees our days we spent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.

Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not seen this crowded shore
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive on the lovely form they gaze;
He with a cheerful smile,
Glad to revisit this his parent isle,
Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.
Yes, Britons! view him still unmoved,
Unchanged, though less beloved:
His generous soul no deep resentment fires,
But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind, good
man retires.
Even now he fights for this devoted isle,
And labours to preserve his native soil; [pares;
Diverts the vengeance which just heaven pre-
Accused, disarm'd, protects us with his prayers.
Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?
The hero's valour nor the patriot's love?
Fly, goddess! fly this inauspicious place;
Spurn at the vile degenerate race;
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his lasting fame,
Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget
The blessings from his arms received,
Confess with joy the mighty debt;
Their altars rescued, and their gods relieved.
Nor sails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities, preserved, their great deliverer own;
Impatient crowds about him press,
And with sincere devotion bless.

Those plains, of ten years' war the bloody stage,
(Where panting nations struggled to be free,
And life exchanged for liberty)
Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage.
The doubtful hind mistakes the field
His fruitless toil so lately till'd:
Here deep intrenchments sunk, and vales appear,
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the slain:
These monuments, when faction's spite
Has spit its poisonous foam in vain,
To endless ages shall proclaim
The matchless warrior's might: [right.
The graves of slaughter'd foes shall do his valour
These when the curious traveller
Amazed shall view, and with attentive care
Trace the sad footsteps of destructive war,
Successive bards shall tell [fell.
How Marlborough fought, how gasping tyrants
Alternate chiefs confess'd the victor's fame,
Pleased and excused in their successor's shame.
In every change, in every form,
The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
Convinced of weakness in extreme despair,
They lurk'd behind their lines, and waged a lazy war:
Nor lines nor forts could calm the soldier's fear,
Surprised, he found a Marlborough there.
Nature nor art his eager rage withstood,
He measured distant plains, he forced the rapid
He fought, he conquer'd, he pursued. [flood;
In years advanced, with youthful vigour warm'd,
The work of ages in a day perform'd.
When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows

From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste
The icy torrent flows,
In vain the rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarged, and lays the regions waste.
Stop, goddess! thy presumptuous flight,
Nor soar to such a dangerous height;
Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,
To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame;
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offensive praise.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. AIKMAN,

THE PAINTER,

On his painting a full length Portrait of the Author in the Decline of Life, carrying him back, by the assistance of another Portrait, to his youthful Days.

SUCH, Aikman, once I was: but, ah! how changed
Since those bless'd days when o'er the hills I ranged;
When through the mazes of the' entangled wood
The busy puzzling spaniel I pursued;
The game he sprung soon felt the fatal lead,
Flutter'd in air, and at my feet fell dead.
This faithful record by thy pencil drawn,
Shows what I was in manhood's early dawn:
Just the design, and elegant the draught,
The colouring bold, and all without a fault.
But, Aikman, be advised, and hear a friend:
On rural squires no more thy time mis-spend;
On nobler subjects all thy cares employ,
Paint the bright Hebe, or the Phrygian boy;
Or, rising from the waves, the Cyprian dame
May vindicate her own Apelles' fame.
But if thy nicer pencil shall disdain
Shadows and creatures of the poet's brain;
The real wonders of the Brunswick race
May, with superior charms, thy canvass grace.
The lovely form that would too soon decay,
Admired, and lost, the pageant of the day,

Preserved by thee, through ages yet to come,
Shall reign triumphant in immortal bloom.
Time, the great master's friend, shall but refine,
With his improving hand, thy works divine.
This (if the Muse can judge) shall be thy lot,
When I'm no more, forgetting and forgot.

Now from my zenith I decline apace,
And pungent pains my trembling nerves unbrace;
Nor love can charm, nor wine nor music please;
Lost to all joy, I am content with ease:
All the poor comfort that I now can share,
Is the soft blessing of an elbow chair.
Here undisturb'd I reign, and with a smile
Behold the civil broils that shake our isle;
Bard against bard fierce tilting on the plain,
And floods of ink profusely spilt in vain.
Pope, like Almanzor, a whole host defies;
The' exploded chain-shot from his Dunciad flies,
And piled on heaps the mangled carnage lies.
Poets and critics, a promiscuous crowd,
Bellow like wounded Mars, and roar aloud;
The routed host precipitate retires
With weaker shouts, and with unequal fires.
The quibbling advertisement and pert joke
But blaze awhile, and vanish into smoke;
And weak remarks drop short upon the ground;
Or, if they reach the foe, but slightly wound.
Thus have I seen, amid the shouting throng,
Bruin, with step majestic, stride along;
The curs at distance bark, or slily bite;
But if he stands erect and dares the fight,
Pausing they snarl, yet dread the gripe severe,
And all their dropping tails confess their fear.

Pardon me, Aikman, that my rambling lays
 Desert my theme, and thy unfinish'd praise:
 'Twas Nature call'd; unknowing, I obey'd;
 Painting's my text, but poetry's my trade;
 Both sister-arts; and sure my devious Muse
 Kind-hearted Dennis¹ will for once excuse.
 A short digression to condemn were hard,
 Or Heaven have mercy on each modern bard.

TO MR. ADDISON;

OCCASIONED BY HIS

PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

— En erit unquam
 Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
 En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
 Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!

VIRG.

To the gay town, where guilty pleasure reigns,
 The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
 Neglected honours on his merit wait,
 Here he retires when courted to be great,
 The world resigning for this calm retreat.
 His soul with Wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
 Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
 And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.

Great bard! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
 To reach your praise without your sacred fire?
 From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
 To the best-natured man secure she flies.

¹ Dennis, the critic.

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio ' to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,
Parnassus labours in the work divine;
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word reveals.
With like success bright Beauty's goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port and her celestial mien
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once and to reform mankind:
Yet when you write, Truth charms with such address,
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays;
He yields, delighted; and convinced, obeys.
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

¹ Alluding to the papers so denoted in the Spectator.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merit censured, and his wounds forgot ;
When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
And each proud trophy sinks in common dust ;
Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He shares the mighty blessings he bestows,
His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your Muse in her immortal strain
Described the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Even Marlborough might have fought, and Dor-
mer bled in vain.

When Honour calls, and the just cause inspires
Britain's bold sons to emulate their sires,
Your Muse these great examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name ;
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.
Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods !
That guard these peaceful shades and bless'd
abodes,

For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer ;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace ;
And as his virtues let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return ;
In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
And overpay your bounty with his praise.

Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains !
Welcome the stranger to these happy plains ;
With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling and the Muses' friend.

Ye nymphs ! that haunt the streams and shady
groves,

Forget awhile to mourn your absent loves ;
In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding blushes own your rising flame :
Be kind, ye nymphs ! nor let him sigh in vain.

Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts or Roman arms subdued ;
Search'd every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil :
Say then, accomplish'd bard ! what god inclined
To these our humble plains your generous mind ?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by the immortal Shakspeare's birth ;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides :
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born, his bed with roses strow'd :
Here, in an ancient, venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels, unseen, watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn ;
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains, above
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
In heaven he sings ; on earth your Muse supplies
The' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes :

Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.
Hail, happy pair ! ordain'd by turns to bless,
And save a sinking nation in distress ;
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,
Nor spares a father in his country's cause,
Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed ;
But when we see the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps ; and from thy fate, O Rome !
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,
When senates are no more, and Cato dies ?
Indulgent sorrow and a pleasing pain
Heaves in each breast, and beats in every vein.
The' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchase of their father's blood.
Fair Liberty her head majestic rears,
Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears ;
Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey ;
Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day
When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your Muse alone could raise,
Alone reward it with immortal praise.
Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,
And rescued Britain bless the poet's name.
So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
'Tyrtaeus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,
And rules severe, without the Muses' aid :

He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song
Revived the faint, and made the feeble strong;
Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,
And to a better life restored the slain.
The victor-host amazed, with horror view'd
The' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes the' unfinish'd trophies yield.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU, whose penetrating mind,
Whose heart, benevolent and kind,
Is ever present in distress,
Glad to preserve, and proud to bless;
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove;
But hear our fond united prayer,
Nor force a country to despair.

Let homicides in Warwick-lane,
With hecatombs of victims slain,
Butcher for knighthood and for gain;
While thou pursuest a nobler aim,
Declining interest for fame.
Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs or smoky cells,
The same thy zeal; o'erjoy'd to save
Thy fellow-creature from the grave;
For well thy soul can understand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no transient good, his fee,
But heaven and bless'd eternity!

Nor are thy labours here in vain,
The pleasure overpays the pain.
True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good ;
Speak, all ye wise ! can God bestow,
Or man a greater pleasure know ?
See, where the grateful father bows !
His tears confess how much he owes :
His son, the darling of his heart,
Restored by your prevailing art ;
His house, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But, oh ! what idioms can express
The vast transcendent happiness
The faithful husband feels, his wife,
His better half, recall'd to life ?
See with what rapture ! see him view
The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you !
See health rekindling in her eyes !
See baffled Death give up his prize !
Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear
In this gay scene to claim a share ?
Does not thy blood more swiftly flow ?
Thy heart with secret transports glow ?
Health, life, by Heaven's indulgence sent,
And thou the glorious instrument !

Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand shall plant Elysium here :
Pale Sickness shall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy Health exalt her throne.
The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms,
With gracious smiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in despair.

While multitudes applaud and bless
Their great asylum in distress,
My humble Muse, among the crowd,
Her joyful pæan sings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely soar through fields of light,
Above the stars thy name should shine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine !
But father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee, his favourite son,
His other gifts on me bestows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows :
Oh ! let a grateful heart supply
What the penurious powers deny !

TO A LADY,

WHO MADE ME A PRESENT OF A SILVER PEN.

FAIR-ONE ! accept the thanks I owe ;
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my soul the Muse inspire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praise,
To you a thousand altars raise ;
Jove shall descend in golden rain,
Or die a swan, but sing in vain.
Phœbus, the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To bask in your superior ray.
Your charms shall every god subdue,
And every goddess envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's store,
This one great boon, I ask no more ;

O gracious nymph ! be kind as fair,
Nor with disdain neglect my prayer,
So shall your goodness be confess'd,
And I your slave entirely bless'd ;
This pen no vulgar theme shall stain,
The noblest palm your gift shall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO SPENT THE NIGHT IN TEARS, UPON A REPORT THAT
HER BROTHER WAS TO FIGHT A DUEL NEXT MORNING.

PASTORA weeps, let every lover mourn ;
Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn :
Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,
O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.
When doubts and fears invade that tender breast,
Where peace, and joy, and love, should ever rest,
As flowers deprived of the sun's genial ray,
Earthward we bend, and silently decay ;
In spite of all philosophy can do,
Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow ;
We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
Each mournful Muse laments the weeping fair,
The Graces all their comely tresses tear,
Love drags his wings, and droops his little head ;
And Venus mourns, as for Adonis dead. [plain ;
Patience, dear maid ! nor without cause com-
O ! lavish not those precious drops in vain :
Under the shield of your prevailing charms
Your happy Brother lives secure from harms ;
Your bright resemblance all my rage disarms.

Your influence unable to withstand,
The conscious steel drops from my trembling hand;
Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
Æneas thus by men and gods pursued,
Feeble with wounds, defiled with dust and blood,
Beauty's bright goddess interposed her charms,
And saved the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy Volume! to the fair impart
The secret wishes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmost zeal,
Describe my passion, and my woes reveal.
Oft shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes shall shine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and sooth her soul with joy.
Watch the soft hour when peaceful silence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains;
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer;
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without disguise give all their passions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful
 prime mis-spent;
Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light
With thee the studious maid shall pass the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,
And tremble at the stern Pelides' rage;

With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the desponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that soul untamed, sage Nestor fails,
And even celestial wisdom scarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear the' impatient chief complain;
Toss'd with superior storms, on the bleak shores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread scene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece subdued;
The partial gods who with their foes conspire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
But tell, oh! tell the cause of all this woe,
The fatal source from whence these mischiefs flow;
Tell her 'twas love denied the hero fired,
Deprived of her whom most his heart desired.
Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove
Can match the boundless rage of injured love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows rise,
Lay waste the shores, invade both earth and skies:
Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the smiling plains below,
And everlasting sweets upon its borders grow.

To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid con-
With pointed spires and golden turrets gay, [vey,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His numerous sons, his queen's majestic pride,
The' aspiring domes, the' apartments stretching
wide,

Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weaved the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes survey those fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that set the world in arms;

Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and every panting heart beats love:
Even sapless age new-blossoms at the sight,
And views the fair destroyer with delight.
Beauty's vast power hence to the nymph make
In Helen's triumphs let her read her own; [known,
Nor blame her slaves, but lay the guilt on Fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.

Rash bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering Muse
With pleasing visions thy fond heart abuse;
Vain are thy hopes presumptuous, vain thy prayer,
Bright is her image, and divinely fair;
But, oh! the goddess in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams the' ambitious man, when rich Tokay,
Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay;
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obsequious wait his high command;
Upon his breast he views the radiant star,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In state he reigns, for one short busy night,
But soon convinced by the next dawning light,
Curses the fading joys that vanish from his sight.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY,

UPON

VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF SHELL-WORK.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain,
While howling tempests from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.

The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores ;
The voice of wrath awaked the nations hear,
The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear ;
Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.

The curious sage nor gain nor fame pursues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views ;
Hangs o'er the cliff, inquisitive to know
The secret causes of its ebb and flow ;
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth
face ;

Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
From those enormous monsters of the main,
Who in their world like other tyrants reign,
To the poor cockle tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
Yet even their shells the forming hand divine
Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
What bright enamel ! and what various dyes !
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes !
The' Almighty painter glows in every line.
How mean, alas ! is Raphael's bold design,
And Titian's colouring, if compared to thine !
Justly supreme ! let us thy power revere ;
Thou fill'st all space ; all-beauteous every where.
Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn,
Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn ;
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills,
The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills ;
Thy coral groves, thy rocks, that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep ;
The yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
And these, thy variegated shells, the shore,

To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
And such extravagance of ornament,
For the false traitor man? This pomp and show,
A scene so gay! for us poor worms below?
No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.

You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
Best know to praise the Power from whence it
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy, [flows.
Or agate or Egyptian porphyry—
More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
Your guests, surprised, the shining pile admire!
In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
Whose chisel with his mistress Nature vies,
Who, with superior skill can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the softest face;
To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought busto shall the whole complete;
O'er your own work from age to age preside,
Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's silver tide,
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted swains,
Your jocund songs and rural strains.
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow;
Your thoughts in varied beauties show,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.

While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,
His friendly gift, my valued prize ¹,
Where sister-arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty shine,
Alternately my soul is bless'd :
Now I behold my welcome guest,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has the' ingenious artist shown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in the' expressive draught design'd
The nobler beauties of his mind ;
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit and manly sense.
Then, as your book I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store,
(Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleased with the sweet variety)
With equal wonder and surprise
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way :
Here the droll figures sily sneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear :
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
And swains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.

Believe me, bard ! no hunted hind
That pants against the southern wind,
And seeks the stream through unknown ways ;
No matron in her teeming days,

¹ Lord Somervile was pleased to send me his own picture, and Mr. Ramsay's Works. *Somervile.*

E'er felt such longings, such desires,
As I to view those lofty spires,
Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.
But, oh ! what dangers interpose !
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows ;
Proud winter floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
But sure, we bards, whose purer clay
Nature has mix'd with less allay,
Might soon find out an easier way.
Do not sage matrons mount on high,
And switch their broomsticks through the sky,
Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
From Thulé to the Hesperides² ?
And yet the men of Gresham own,
That this and stranger feats are done
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted ; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings and cleave the sky,
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than their's must more intensely glow ?
Did not the Theban swan take wing,
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing ?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night ?

Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed ;
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore,

² The Scilly Islands were so called by the ancients.

Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.
For now all hostile rage shall cease ;
Lull'd in the downy arms of Peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh ! take a special care,
To' admit no prying Kirkman there :
I dread the penitential chair.
What a strange figure should I make,
A poor abandon'd English rake !
A squire well born, and six foot high,
Perch'd in that sacred pillory ?
Let Spleen and Zeal be banish'd thence,
And troublesome Impertinence,
That tells his story o'er again ;
Ill-manners and his saucy train,
And Self-conceit, and stiff-rump'd Pride,
That grin at all the world beside ;
Foul Scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies ;
Fame's busy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair ;
Envy, Hypocrisy, Deceit,
Fierce Party-rage, and warm Debate ;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendship and the world's repose ;
But Mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
And Wit, that gloomy Care beguiles ;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toasts, that round the table sail :
While Laughter, bursting through the crowd
In volleys, tells our joys aloud.

Hark ! the shrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the streams, the rocks, reply
To his far-sounding melody.
Behold each labouring squeeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Observe Crowdero's active bow,
His head still nodding to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.
See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance ;
Flying still, the swains pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this shall be the joyous scene ;
Not wanton elves that skim the green,
Shall be so bless'd, so blithe, so gay,
Or less regard what dotards say.
My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
The Union shall be more complete ;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

UPON HIS PUBLISHING

A SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

HAIL, Caledonian bard ! whose rural strains
Delight the listening hills, and cheer the plains !
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine ?
Careless of censure, like the sun, shine forth
In native lustre and intrinsic worth.

To follow Nature is by rules to write ;
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire :
Both drudge in vain, till she from Heaven inspire.
By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen youths ! who dare like him aspire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre,
Keep Nature still in view ; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dangerous steep ascent
To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful to plane o'er some rugged part ;
But the most labour'd elegance and care,
To' arrive at full perfection, must despair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again ;
Alas ! some venial sins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due ;
Even Pope has faults, and Addison a few ;
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,
Are lost, and vanish in the blaze of day.
Though some intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her less a goddess than before.
Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natured friend.
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail, [scale.
While Spence presides, and Candour holds the
His generous breast nor envy sours nor spite ;
Taught by his founder's motto¹ how to write,
Good manners guides his pen : learn'd without
In dubious points not forward to decide. [pride,
If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
From flower to flower he roves with glad surprise :

¹ William of Wykeham, 'Manners maketh Man.'

In failings no malignant pleasure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes :
No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend ;
We' expect a censor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improved by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air ;
Stripp'd of their rags, shall, like Ulysses, shine
With more heroic port and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.
May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they sing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart !

Such critics, Ramsay ! jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice insolently blame,
But, lured by praise, the haggard Muse reclaim :
Retouch each line till all is just and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almost complete.

So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boast,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richest head-geer trimly clad,
The curious handmaid, with observant eye,
Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry ;
Through every plait her busy fingers rove,
And now she plies below, and then above ;
With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought?
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
Our happiness to love, adore, obey;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
For this thy work, for every lesser good,
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all!

The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains
On trifling subjects, in enervate strains;
Be it thy task to set the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her ærial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours lost, restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.

Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays ;
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old ;
The kind reforming Muse shall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS 'SEASONS.'

So bright, so dark, upon an April day
The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray ;
So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings ;
So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
Believe me, Thomson ! 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite ;
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own ;
Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend should read,
Grieved when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care ?
Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face :
Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected speech and easy mien,
The' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.
Discreetly daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy seat, the flying steed restrain.

Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast ?
Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost ;
Yet even those spots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minutest error spare :
For kind and wise, the parent who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, consider Milton more ;
But from their dross extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to restore the old,
In southern bards is dangerous and bold ;
But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,
When minted on the other side of Tweed.
Let perspicuity o'er all preside—
Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride :
The rhyming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,
Who drive their limping Pegasus along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise,
To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.
A genius so refined, so just, so great,
In Britain's isle shall fix the Muses' seat,
And new Parnassus shall at home create :
Rules from thy works, each future bard shall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX ;

WITH THE FABLE OF ' THE TWO SPRINGS. '

O HALIFAX ! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere,
Accept this humble pledge of my esteem,
So justly thine, Benevolence my theme.

In mystic tales and parables, of old,
Grave eastern seers instructive lessons told ;
Wise Greece from them received the happy plan,
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron Truth appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face :
Dry precept may instruct, but can't delight,
While pleasing fictions all our powers excite.
Our busy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and start their game with joy ;
Pleas'd with the chase, make the rich prey their
own,
And glory in the conquests they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms bestow ;
And 'twere a sin that method to disprove
Which Heaven has fix'd by sanctions from above.
My humble Muse in calm retirement roves
Near mossy fountains, and near shady groves ;
Yet there, even there, her loyal hands would raise
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praise ;
Instruct those fountains and those groves to show
What copious blessings from his bounty flow ;
While flowers and shrubs bless his propitious aid,
His urn refreshing, or protecting shade.
Great friend of humankind ! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of false glory dream,
Without remorse pursue the bloody scheme ;
To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,
And o'er the ravaged world extend their sway :
'Tis thine, great George ! to guard thy favourite isle
From open force, and every secret wile,
To raise the oppress'd, to make the captives smile ;

To pay just Heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that Heaven, to bless the world below;
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the straggling sheep into the fold,
And by wise laws restore an age of gold.
Ye blissful seats, where Thame and Isis join !
Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine !
Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode,
Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd !
Can sophistry prevail against that prince
Whose mercy and beneficence convince ?
Oh ! touch each tuneful string, let every Muse
From all her stores her noblest pæans choose ;
Pay what she can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own :
His fame—which Envy's breath can never blast,
But ages yet to come shall join the past,
And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

FABLES.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

— Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu. VIRG.

A PARTY of hussars, of late

For prog and plunder scower'd the plains,
Some French gens d'armes surprised and beat,
And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight the' unhappy bard

For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
'Pity, Messieurs! in truth 'tis hard
To kill a harmless enemy:

'These hands, of slaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandish'd the destructive sword;
To you or yours no hurt I meant;
O! take a poor musician's word.'

But the stern foe, with generous rage,
'Scoundrel! (replied) thou first shalt die,
Who, urging others to engage,
From fame and danger basely fly.

'The brave by law of arms we spare,
Thou by the hangman shalt expire;
'Tis just, and not at all severe,
To stop the breath that blew the fire.'

THE

BALD-PATED WELSHMAN AND THE FLY.

— Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit en mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto. HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot, whose peevish honour
Revenged each slight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Exposed to Sol's meridian ray,
He fumed, he raved, he cursed, he swore,
Exhaled a sea at every pore ;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade,
Where, as he lay dissolved in sweat,
And wiped off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, Time's best disguise,
By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux and ladies' pages :
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natured Age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay, with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy Fly offends his ear.

Alas! what man of parts and sense
 Could bear such vile impertinence?
 Yet so discourteous is our fate,
 Fools always buzz about the great.
 This insect now, whose active spite
 Teased him with never-ceasing bite,
 With so much judgment play'd his part,
 He had him both in tierce and quart:
 In vain with open hands he tries
 To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
 For now at last, familiar grown,
 He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
 And stuff'd himself with human gore:
 At last, in manners to excel,
 Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
 But now what rhetoric could assuage
 The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
 Impatient at the foul disgrace,
 From insect of so mean a race,
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,
 With double fist he aims a blow:
 The nimble Fly escaped by flight,
 And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
 The' impending stroke with all its weight
 Fell on his own beloved pate.
 Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed;
 He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
 Who by the' unequal strife grows popular and great.

Let him buzz on ; with senseless rant defy
 The wise, the good ; yet still 'tis but a Fly.
 With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost ;
 Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost :
 Let cranes and pigmies in mock war engage,
 A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage :
 True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings ;
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

THE

WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Clodius accusat Mæchos, Catilina Cethegum. JUV.

THE Wolf impeach'd the Fox of theft,
 The Fox the charge denied ;
 To the grave Ape the case was left,
 In justice to decide.

Wise Pug with comely buttocks sat,
 And nodded o'er the laws,
 Distinguish'd well through the debate,
 And thus adjudged the cause:—

'The goods are stole, but not from thee,
 Two pickled rogues well met ;
 Thou shalt be hang'd for perjury,
 He, for an arrant cheat.'

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely said ;
 May villains always to their ruin plead !
 When knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,
 There's nothing like the reconciling noose,

O hemp! the noblest gift propitious Heaven
 To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
 To stop malicious breath, to end debate,
 To prop the shaking throne, and purge the state.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

— Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
 Seditioe, dolis, sclerere, atque libidine, et ira,
 Iliacos, intra muros, peccatur, et extra. HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian sire,
 A dog of mettle and of fire,
 With Ursin grim, an errant Bear,
 Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
 Oft Ursin on his back was toss'd,
 And Towser many a collop lost;
 Capricious Fortune would declare
 Now for the Dog, then for the Bear.
 Thus having tried their courage fairly,
 Brave Ursin first desired a parley:—
 'Stout combatant, (quoth he) whose might
 I've felt in many a bloody fight,
 Tell me the cause of all this pother,
 And why we worry one another?'—
 'That's a moot point (the cur replied)
 Our masters only can decide:
 While thou and I our heart's-blood spill,
 They prudently their pockets fill;
 Halloo us on, with all their might,
 To turn a penny by the fight.'

‘ If that’s the case, (return’d the Bear)
 ’Tis time at last to end the war;
 Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
 To combat in a nobler cause;
 Sleep in a whole skin, I advise,
 And let them bleed who gain the prize.’

MORAL.

Parties enraged on one another fall;
 The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

THE

WOUNDED MAN AND THE SWARM OF
FLIES.

E malis minimum——

SQUALID with wounds, and many a gaping sore,
 A wretched Lazar lay distress’d,
 A swarm of Flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
 And on his putrid carcass feast.

A courteous traveller, who pass’d that way,
 And saw the vile Harpeian brood,
 Offer’d his help the monstrous crew to slay,
 That rioted on human blood.

‘ Ah! gentle sir, (the’ unhappy wretch replied)
 Your well-meant charity refrain;
 The angry gods have that redress denied,
 Your goodness would increase my pain.

‘ Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy’d,
 But now and then these tyrants feed;
 But were, alas! this pamper’d brood destroy’d,
 The lean and hungry would succeed.’

MORAL.

The body politic must soon decay,
 When swarms of insects on its vitals prey;
 When bloodsuckers of state, a greedy brood,
 Feast on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
 What must we do in this severe distress?
 Come, doctor, give the patient some redress:
 The quacks in politics a change advise,
 But cooler counsels should direct the wise.
 'Tis hard indeed; but better this than worse;
 Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.
 Alas! what would our bleeding country gain,
 If, when this viperous brood at last is slain,
 The teeming Hydra pullulates again,
 Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
 To satisfy his hungry appetite?

 THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

*Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema, triumphum
 Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
 Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.* LUC.

A PROWLING Wolf, that scour'd the plains
 To ease his hunger's griping pains,
 Ragged as courtier in disgrace,
 Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case,
 By chance a well fed dog espied,
 And being kin, and near allied,
 He civilly salutes the cur:—
 'How do you, cuz?'—'Your servant, sir!'—

‘O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
How plump thy sides, how sleek thy skin!
Triumphant plenty shines all o’er,
And the fat melts at every pore!
While I, alas! decay’d and old,
With hunger pined and stiff with cold,
With many a howl and hideous groan,
Tell the relentless woods my moan.
Pr’ythee, my happy friend! impart
Thy wondrous cunning-thriving art?’
‘Why, faith, I’ll tell thee as a friend;
But first thy surly manners mend:
Be complaisant, obliging, kind,
And leave the Wolf for once behind.’
The Wolf, whose mouth began to water,
With joy, and rapture, gallop’d after.
When thus the Dog: ‘At bed and board
I share the plenty of my lord;
From every guest I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me:
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play:
I fetch and carry, leap o’er sticks,
And twenty such diverting tricks.’—
‘’Tis pretty, faith!’ the Wolf replied,
And on his neck the collar spied:
He starts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu;
‘Enjoy your dainties, friend! to me
The noblest feast is liberty.
The famish’d Wolf, upon these desert plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.’

MORAL.

Thus bravely spoke the nurse of ancient Rome,
 Thus the starved Swiss and hungry Grisons roam
 On barren hills, clad with eternal snow,
 And look with scorn on the prim slaves below :
 Thus Cato scaped by death the tyrant's chains,
 And walks unshackled in the' Elysian plains.
 Thus, Britons ! thus your great forefathers stood
 For liberty, and fought in seas of blood :
 To barren rocks and gloomy woods confined,
 Their virtues by necessity refined, [steady mind.
 Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their
 No saucy Druid then durst cry aloud,
 And with his slavish cant debauch the crowd ;
 No passive legions, in a scoundrel's cause,
 Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
 The state was quiet, happy, and serene,
 For Boadicea was the Britons' queen ;
 Her subjects their just liberties maintain'd,
 And in her people's hearts the happy monarch
 reign'd.

 THE OYSTER.

————— In jus
 Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque. HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
 (But in what chapter, page, or line,
 Ye critics, if ye please, define,)
 Had found an Oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose ;
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challenged the delicious prize,
And high words soon improved to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man !
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began :

' Neighbours and friends ! refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute ;
I'll soon decide the' important suit,
And finish all without a fee :

' Give me the Oyster, then—'Tis well—'
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And, smiling, gives to each a shell :

' Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your Oyster's good as e'er was ate ;
I thank you for my dainty treat ;
God bless you both, and live in peace.'

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales !
From this learn common sense ;
Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols
For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed ;
The knaves who now are served in plate,
Would starve, if fools agreed.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

Lætus sorte tua vives sapienter.—— HOR.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retired beneath a spreading thorn,
A pealing storm to shun;
Escaped indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wisely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blast while pliant osiers bend,
The stubborn oak each furious wind shall rend.
Discreetly yield, and patiently endure
Such common evils as admit no cure:
These fate ordains, and Heaven's high will has sent:
In humble littleness submit content;
But those thy folly brings, in time prevent.

THE FROGS' CHOICE.

Ω ποποι, οιον δη νυ Θεις βροτοι απισωνται.
Ἐξ ημων γαρ φασι κακ εμμεναι' οι δε και αυτοι
Σφησιν αλασθαλισιν υπερ μορον αλγε εχουσιν.

IN a wild state of nature long
The Frogs at random lived,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and grieved.

At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their sufferings, grew devout :
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government ;
A king, to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request ;
A king, the' indulgent power bestow'd,
(Such as might suit their genius best)
A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar ;
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hides his head.
When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A Frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw—but scarce believed his eyes,
On the same bank where first he dropp'd
The' imperial lubber lies ;
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content :
' Is this the monarch Jove has sent,
(Said he) our warlike troops to lead ?
Ay ! 'tis a glorious prince indeed !
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arms shall dread,

Subdued, shall quit their claim ;
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame.¹
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent,
On wings of wind swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
An on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers address'd ;
And once more Jove grants their request.
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashing in his eyes ;
Ruled by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court,
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas ! 'twas night : kings must have meat :
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot,
Three Bassas next ; happy their lot !
Gain'd Paradise by being ate¹.
' And this, (said he) and this is mine,
And this, by right divine.'

¹ According to the Turkish opinion, all who suffer by the Grand Seignior's orders go directly to Paradise.

In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.
Again they beg almighty Jove
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies :
' Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools ! ye now repent too late ;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity but choice ! [curse,
Begone !—Nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
Better bear this, this stork, than worse.'

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loathed before :
Still roving, still desiring, never pleased ;
With plenty starved, and even with health diseased.
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye powers above ! who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his prayer.

LIBERTY AND LOVE;

OR,

THE TWO SPARROWS.

— Dos est uxoriam, lites. OVID.

A SPARROW and his mate,
 (Believe me, gentle Kate !)
 Once loved like I and you ;
 With mutual ardour join'd,
 No turtles e'er so kind,
 So constant and so true.

They hopp'd from spray to spray ;
 They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
 They cuddled close all night ;
 To bliss they waked each morn,
 In every bush and thorn
 Gay scenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
 (The knave was much to blame)
 And this dear pair trepann'd ;
 Both in one cage confined :
 Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind ;
 Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
 And one coop'd up with one,
 'Twas awkward, new, and strange ;
 For better and for worse,
 O dismal, fatal curse !
 No more abroad to range.

No carols now they sing,
Each droops his little wing,
 And mourns his cruel fate :
Clouds on each brow appear:
My honey, and my dear,
 Is now quite out of date.

They pine, lament, and moan ;
’Twould melt a heart of stone
 To hear their sad complaint :
Nor he supplied her wants,
Nor she refrain’d from taunts
 That might provoke a saint.

Hard words improve to blows ;
For now, grown mortal foes,
 They peck, they scratch, they scream :
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are stain’d with gore,
 It swells into a stream.

Dear Kitty ! would you know
The cause of all this woe,
 It is not hard to guess ;
Whatever does constrain
Turns pleasure into pain ;
 ’Tis choice alone can bless.

When both no more are free,
Insipid I must be,
 And you lose all your charms ;
My smother’d passion dies,
And even your bright eyes
 Necessity disarms.

Then let us love, my fair !
 But unconstrain'd as air
 Each join a willing heart ;
 Let free-born souls disdain
 To wear a tyrant's chain,
 And act a nobler part.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

—— Errat longe mea quidem sententia
 Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
 Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur.
TER.

Two sister Springs, from the same parent hill,
 Born on the same propitious day,
 Through the cleft rock distil ;
 Adown the reverend mountain's side
 Through groves of myrtle glide,
 Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.
 The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
 From them receives her high renown ;
 From them the curling vine
 Her clusters big with racy wine ;
 To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
 And her vermilion blush the rose :
 The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
 To every thirsty root dispense
 Their kindly cooling influence,
 And Paradise adorns the mountain's brow.
 But, oh ! the sad effect of pride !
 These happy twins at last divide.

‘ Sister, (exclaims the’ ambitious Spring)
What profit do these labours bring?
Always to give, and never to enjoy,
A fruitless and a mean employ !
Stay here inglorious if you please,
And loiter out a life of indolence and ease :
Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
I deluge all the plain,
No dams shall stop my course,
And rocks oppose in vain.
See where my foaming billows flow,
Above the hills my waves aspire,
The shepherds and their flocks retire, [bow.
And tallest cedars as they pass, in sign of homage
To me each tributary spring
Its supplemental stores shall bring ;
With me the rivers shall unite,
The lakes beneath my banners fight,
Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
Shall own their fame eclipsed by mine ;
Both gods and men shall dread my watery sway,
Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they.’

Away the haughty boaster flew,
Scarce bade her sister-stream a cool adieu :
Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of old,
But roughly dash against the shore,
And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with surprise
Sees the tumultuous torrent rise ;
With busy looks the rustic band appear [year.
To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the

All hands unite; with dams they bound
The rash rebellious stream around :
In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
In vain she curls her feeble waves ;
Besieged at last on every side,
Her source exhausted and her channel dried,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride !)
A shallow pond she stands confined,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below ;
The tyrant sun on high
Exacts his usual subsidy ;
And the poor pittance that remains
Each gaping cranny drains :
Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
A nameless nothing in oblivion lost.

Her sister Spring, benevolent and kind,
With joy sees all around her bless'd,
The good she does, into her generous mind
Returns again with interest.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade ;
Her streams a sure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring.
Where'er the gardener smooths her easy way
Her ductile streams obey.
Courteous she visits every bed,
Narcissus rears his drooping head,
By her diffusive bounty fed.
Revived from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn ;
Rich in the blessings she bestows,
All nature smiles where'er she flows.

Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
See where the river-gods appear.
A nymph so eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They clasp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in the' abundance of her charms. [join'd,
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they
Like Arethusa she, as lovely and as kind.

Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still she persists in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thousand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:
The scaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her silver billows glide along,
Whose still-increasing shoals supply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage graze,
And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
Her flocks and herds in safety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead:
No beasts of prey appear
The watchful shepherd to beguile:
No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaste silvan queen,
By mortals' prying eyes unseen, [green.
Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders
Here merchants, careful of their store,
By angry billows toss'd,
Anchor secure beneath her shore,
And bless the friendly coast.

Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her surface ride :
The busy trader on her banks appears,
A hundred different tongues she hears.
At last, with wonder and surprise,
She sees a stately city rise ;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed spires ;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet ;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treasure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious stores
Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
Honour'd by all, a rich well-peopled stream ;
Not Father Thames himself of more esteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings, (if rightly understood)
Is but a grant from Heaven of doing good.
Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy,
Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe ;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow :
Blessing, are bless'd ; far spreads their just renown,
Consenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful, happy crowds support their throne.
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
Who, by their virtues, prove their right divine.

THE

BALD BACHELOR:

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE SECOND FABLE IN THE
SECOND BOOK OF PHÆDRUS.

Frigidus in Venerem senior, frustra que laborem
Ingratum trahit ; et, si quando ad prælia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
Præcipue. VIRG. Geor. lib. iii.

A BACHELOR who, past his prime,
Had been a good one in his time ;
Had scour'd the streets, had whored, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk ;
Was sometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door ;
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now—to settle :
Grew wondrous wise at forty-five,
Resolving to be grave, and thrive :
By chance he cast his roguish eye
Upon a dame who lived hard by ;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dress of May ;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, even in spite
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whose heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love,
Besides this widow, had Miss Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty ;
On her he thought, serious or gay,
His dream by night, his toast by day ;

He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confined to one ?
Between them both, strange work he made ;
Gave this a ball or masquerade,
With that at serious ombre play'd :
The self-same compliments he spoke,
The self-same oaths he swore, he broke :
Alternately on each bestows
Frail promises, and short-lived vows.
Variety ! kind source of joy !
Without whose aid all pleasures cloy ;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love ?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write ?
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more closely to my text,
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been—a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care,
To which his serious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time mis-spent.
'Twas long and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back :—
Black, did I say ? Ay, once 'twas so ;
But cruel Time had smoked the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with snow.
As an old horse that had been hard rid,
Or from his master's coach discarded,
Forced in a tumbril to go filler,
Or load for some poor rogue a miller ;
On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
Black hairs and white promiscuous rise,

Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
And prove the keffel more sedate :
So with this worthy squire it fared,
Yet he nor time nor labour spared ;
But with excessive cost and pains
Still made the best of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modish ringlets curl'd it ;
Now made his comely tresses shine
With orange-butter, jessamine ;
Then with sweet powder and perfumes
He purified his upper rooms.
So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horse, or gelding, to a fair,
Though he be spavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet and broken wind ;
Yet, if he's master of his trade,
He'll curry well and trim the jade,
To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble some unwary clown.

What woman, made of flesh and blood,
So sweet a gallant e'er withstood ?
They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten,
The good old puss and the young kitten ;
And being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own ;
No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his worship started,
And was, (we may suppose) faint-hearted ;
Yet, being resolved to change his state,
Winks both his eyes, and trusts to fate.
But now new doubts and scruples rise,
To plague him with perplexities ;

He knew not which, alas ! to choose ;
This he must take, and that refuse.

As when some idle country lad
Swings on a gate, his wooden pad,
To right, to left, he spurs away,
But neither here nor there can stay,
Till, by the catch surprised, the lout
His journey ends where he set out ;
Even so this dubious lover stray'd
Between the widow and the maid,
And after swinging to and fro,
Was just *in æquilibrio*.

Yet still a lover's warmth he shows,
And makes his visits and his bows ;
Domestic gown, both here and there,
Nor Pug nor Shock were half so dear :
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And madam's toilet, who but he ?
There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb ;
At night, the widow's drawing-room.
O sweet vicissitude of love !
Who would covet heaven above,
Were men but thus allow'd to rove ?
But, alas ! some cursed event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and shows the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods :
This by the sequel will appear
A truth most evident and clear.

As on the widow's panting breast
He laid his peaceful head to rest,
Dreaming of pleasures yet in store,
And joys he ne'er had felt before,
His grizly locks appear display'd
In all their pomp of light and shade.

‘ Alas ! my future spouse, (said she)
What do mine eyes astonish’d see ?
Marriage demands equality.
What will malicious neighbours say
Should I, a widow young and gay,
Marry a man both old and grey ?
Those hideous hairs !’—With that a tear
Did in each crystal sluice appear ;
She fetch’d a deep sigh from her heart,
As who should say, Best friends must part !
Then mused awhile : ‘ There is but one,
But this expedient left alone,
To save that dear head from disgrace ;
Here, Jenny, fetch my tweezer-case.’
To work then went the treacherous fair,
And grubb’d up here and there a hair ;
But as she meant not to renew
His charms, but set her own to view,
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gipsy nipp’d away
The black ; but slyly left the grey.
O Dalilah ! perfidious fair !
O sex ingenious to ensnare !
How faithless all your doings are !
Whom Nature form’d your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The squire (who thus deceived, ne’er dreamt
What the deceitful traitress meant,)
Thrice kiss’d her hand, and then retired,
With more exalted thoughts inspired ;
To his fair filly next repairs,
With statelier port and youthful airs.

‘ Lord! sir, (said she) you’re mighty gay;
But I must tell you, by the way,
That no brood goose was e’er so grey.
Here, let this hand eradicate
Those foul dishonours of your pate :’
For she, poor thing! whose virgin heart,
Unskill’d in every female art,
In pure simplicity believed
His youth might this way be retrieved,
At least his age disguised, and she
From spiteful prudes and censure free,
With earnest diligence and care
Grubb’d by the roots each grizled hair;
Some few black hairs she left behind,
But not one of the silver kind.
But when she saw what work she’d made,
His bald broad front without a shade,
And all his hatchet face display’d,
With scarce six hairs upon a side,
His large outspreading lugs to hide,
She laugh’d, she scream’d; and Nan and Bess
In concert laugh’d, and scream’d no less.
Home skulk’d the squire, and hid his face,
Sore smitten with the foul disgrace :
Softly he knock’d, but trusty John,
Who knew his hour was twelve or one,
Rubb’d both his eyes, and yawn’d, and swore,
And quickly blunder’d to the door;
But starting back at this disaster,
Vow’d that old Nick had hagg’d his master.
The landlady, in sore affright,
Fell into fits, and swoon’d outright;
The neighbourhood was raised and call’d,
The maids miscarried, children bawl’d;

The cur, whom oft his bounty fed
With many a scrap and bit of bread,
Now own'd him not ; but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.
To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or closed his eyes, or slept one jot ;
Not Nisus was in such despair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his heir :
Not even Belinda made such moan,
When her dear favourite lock was gone.
He fumed, he raved, he cursed amain,
All his past life ran o'er again ;
Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
From Mother Eve to Mother Weyburn ;
Each youthful vanity abjured,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cured ;
And happy lost, by female art,
This darling idol of his heart,
Those precious locks, that might outvie
The trim-curl'd god who lights the sky ;
Resolved to grow devout and wise,
Or, what's almost the same, precise ;
Canted, and whined, and talk'd most oddly,
Was very slovenly and godly ;
(For nothing makes devotion keen,
Like disappointment and chagrin.)
In fine, he set his house in order,
And piously put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful prime,
Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme ;
Leave, leave, for shame, your trulls at Sh—er Hall,
And marry in good time, or not at all.

Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could show,
 There's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.
 Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn;
 Will Honeycomb is every female's scorn.
 Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wise,
 Believe me, friends! in every woman's eyes
 'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

In five Cantos.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum, insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores.

HOR.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wise,
 Friendship confine to stricter ties;
 Require exact conformity
 In person, age, and quality;
 Their humours, principles, and wit
 Must, like Exchequer-tallies, hit:—
 Others, less scrupulous, opine,
 That hands and hearts in love may join,
 Though different inclinations sway;
 For Nature's more in fault than they.
 Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
 May read St. Evremond and Tully;
 With me the doctrine shall prevail
 That's *a-propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred; as famed their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove;
As various too their tempers were;
That, brisk and frolic, debonair;
This, more considerate and severe.
While Bob with diligence would pore
And con by heart his battle-door;
Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
Or switch'd his hobby round the room.
The striplings now too bulky grown
To make dirt-pies and lounge at home,
With aching hearts to school are sent,
Their humours still of various bent:
The silent, serious, solid boy,
Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
Construed, and parsed, and said his part,
And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart;
While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
Fell in with every whim in vogue,
Valued not Lilly of a straw,
A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
His bum was often brush'd, you'll say;
'Tis true; now twice, then thrice a-day:
So leeches at the breech are fed,
To cure vertigos in the head.
But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
Let me this maxim recommend,
'A genius can't be forced;' nor can
You make an ape an alderman.
The patchwork doublet well may suit,
But how would furs become the brute?

In short, the case is very plain,
When maggots once are in the brain,
Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.

Now to pursue this hopeful pair
To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
Would take more ink than I can spare.
Nor shall I here minutely score
The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
With many a strange diverting prank ;
'Twould jade my Muse, though better fed,
And kept in body-clothes and bread.

When bristles on each chin began
To sprout, the promise of a man,
The good old gentleman expired,
And decently to heaven retired :
The brethren, at their country-seat,
Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat ;
Their cellars, and their barns well-stored,
And plenty smoking on their board :
Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
For gentry, sometimes, better liquor.
Judicious Bob had read all o'er
Each weighty staid philosopher,
And therefore rightly understood
The real from the apparent good ;
Substantial bliss, intrinsic joys,
From bustle, vanity, and noise ;
Could his own happiness create,
And bring his mind to his estate ;
Lived in the same calm easy round,
His judgment clear, his body sound ;
Good humour, probity, and sense,
Repaid with peace and indolence :

While rakish Frank, whose active soul,
No bounds, no principles control,
Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,
To races, masquerades, and balls ;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.
As when the full-fed resty steed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed,
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His mane upon his shoulders curls,
O'er every precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his shining pamper'd sides,
He snuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he springs amain,
To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the stud his lust suffice,
Till nature flags, his vigour spent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beast returns content,
Waits tamely at the stable-door,
As tractable as e'er before :
This was exactly Franky's case ;
When blood ran high he lived apace,
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd silly, and came home again.
At length, extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer : cares intrude,
And duns grow troublesome and rude.
What measure shall poor Franky take
To manage wisely the last stake,
With some few pieces in his purse,
And half a dozen brats at nurse.

Pensive he walk'd, lay long abed,
Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head;
At last resolved:—resolved! on what?
There's not a penny to be got;
The question now remains alone,
Whether 'tis best to hang or drown?
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be tried;
The man is young, the world is wide;
And, as judicious authors say,
'Every dog shall have his day;'
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,
Act every part in life to win her,
First try the saint, and then the sinner;
Press boldly on; slighted, pursue;
Repulsed, again the charge renew;
Give her no rest, attend, entreat,
And stick at nothing to be great.
Fired with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with disdain,
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
And walks on thorns till he begin;
But first before his brother laid
The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.

Kind Bob was much abash'd to see
His brother in extremity,
Reduced to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat:
He grieved full sore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wise,

All who with wholesome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.

‘What’s my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom pursuing?
An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting shade;
Grasp’d in this coxcomb’s arms a while,
The false jilt fawns; then a fond smile
On that she leers; he, like the rest,
Is soon a bubble and a jest:
But live with me, just to thyself,
And scorn the bitch and all her pelf;
Fortune’s adored by fools alone,
The wise man always makes his own.’
But ’tis, alas! in vain to’ apply
Fine sayings and philosophy,
Where a poor youth’s o’erheated brain
Is sold to interest and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it so, nor did he strive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the best he could,
And, as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could spare,
And kindly paid his whole arrear,
Bought him his equipage and clothes;
So thus supplied away he goes;
For London-town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road
A widow’s stately mansion stood;
‘What if dame Fortune should be there?
(Said Frank) ’tis ten to one, I swear:
I’ll try to find her in the crowd;
She loves the wealthy and ~~the~~ proud.’

Away he spurs, and at the door
Stood gallant gentry many a score,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortured catgut squeals amain,
Guitars in softer notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careless easy mien,
Sung her a song, and was let in.
The rest with envy burst, to see
The stranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,
The gentleman at top appears ;
' And is your lady, sir, at home ?'—
' Pray walk into the drawing-room.'
But here my Muse is too well bred
To prattle what was done or said ;
She liked the youth, his dress, his face,
His calves, his back, and every grace.
Supper was served, and down they sit,
Much meat, good wine, some little wit :
The grace-cup drank ; or dance, or play ?
Frank chose the last, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to strip,
And punted to her ladyship.
The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment show'd ;
But Franky was in piteous mood,
Slept not a wink : he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes.
Restless as in a lion's den,
He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten :
But as he dream'd of future joys,
His ear was startled with a noise ;

Six trumpets and a kettle-drum ;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
' Lord, sir ! get dress'd, the colonel's come ;
Your horse is ready at the door ;
You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four.'
Poor Franky must in haste remove,
With disappointment vex'd, and love ;
To dirt abandon'd, and despair,
For lace and feather won the fair.

Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leeky boots and sunburnt face,
And leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe sulphureous air.
Arrived at length, the table spread,
Three bottles drank, he reels to bed.
Next morn his busy thoughts begun
To rise and travel with the sun ;
Whims, heap'd on whims, his head turn'd round,
But how dame Fortune might be found
Was the momentous grand affair,
His secret wish, his only care.
' Damme, (thought Franky to himself)
I'll find this giddy wandering elf ;
I'll hunt her out in every quarter,
Till she bestow the staff or garter :
I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command ;
Or else some courteous duchess may
Take pity on a runaway.'
Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies ;
At this levee and that he plies ;
Bows in his rank, an humble slave,
And meanly fawns on every knave ;

With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
Fortune he sought from place to place,
She led him still a wild-goose chase,
Always prepared with some excuse,
The hopeful younker to amuse ;
Was busy, indisposed, was gone
To Hampton-court, or Kensington ;
And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
She slipped clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jaded, and almost in despair,
A gamester whisper'd in his ear,
' Who would seek Fortune, sir, at court ?
At H——l's is her chief resort ;
'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,
Is very gracious to her friends ;
Shows honest men the means of thriving,
The best good-natured goddess living.'
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke :
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Disconsolate, he sneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

How humble and how complaisant
Is a proud man reduced to want !
With what a silly hanging face
He bears his unforeseen disgrace !
His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
The gods and all the world his foe ;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to every wealthy fool.

For where is courage, wit, or sense,
When a poor rake has lost his pence ?
Let all the learn'd say what they can,
'Tis ready-money makes the man ;
Commands respect where'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With such reflections Frank distress'd,
The horrors of his soul express'd :
Contempt, the basket, and a goal,
By turns his restless mind assail ;
Aghast, the dismal scene he flies,
And death grows pleasing in his eyes ;
For since his rhino was all flown
To the last solitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not share ?
The pistol on his table lay,
And Death flew hovering o'er his prey ;
There wanted nothing now to do,
But touch the trigger, and adieu !—
As he was saying some short prayers,
He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
And, looking out, his aunt appears,
Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
To see her graceless godson came.
The salutations being pass'd,
Coughing, and out of wind, at last
In his great chair she took her place.
' How does your brother ? Is my niece
Well married ? When will Robin settle ?'
He answer'd all things to a tittle ;
Gave such content in every part,
He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
' Godson, (said she) alas ! I know
Matters with you are but so-so.

You're come to town, I understand,
To make your fortune out of hand ;
Your time and patrimony lost,
To beg a place, or buy a post.
Believe me, godson, I'm your friend ;
Of this great town this wicked end
Is ripe for judgment ; Satan's seat,
The sink of sin, and hell complete :
In every street of trulls a troop,
And every cook-wench wears a hoop :
Sodom was less deform'd with vice ;
Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice.'
Frank blush'd, (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before)
And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.
The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to see
These glimmerings of sanctity ;
' My dear, (said she) this purse is your's,
It cost me many painful hours ;
Take it, improve it, and become
By art and industry—a plum ;
But leave, for shame, this impious street,
All over mark'd with cloven feet :
In our more holy quarter live,
Where both your soul and stock may thrive ;
Where righteous citizens repair,
And heaven and earth the godly share ;
Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,
Look very serious, dine on tripe ;
Get early up, late close your eyes,
And leave no stone unturn'd to rise ;
Then each good day, at Salter's Hall
Pray for a blessing upon all.'

Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,
While joy sat smiling on his brows,
And without scruple, in a trice,
He took her money—and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Beset with duns, and in despair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,
And dad retires, by Heaven's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands ;
Not wandering sailors almost lost,
When they behold the wish'd-for coast ;
Not culprit when the knot is placed,
And kind reprieve arrives in haste ;
E'er felt a joy in such excess,
As Frank, relieved from this distress.
A thousand antic tricks he play'd,
The purse he kiss'd, swore, cursed, and pray'd ;
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected store ;
Built stately castles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair ;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was scarce contented with ' Your Grace.'
Strange visions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he strolls to bed ;
Sleeps little ; if he sleeps, he dreams
Of sceptres and of diadems.
' Fortune, (said he) shall now no more
Trick and deceive me, as of yore :
This passport shall admittance gain
In spite of all the jilt's disdain :
'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,
And brings her blushing to my arms !
This golden bough my wish shall speed,
And to the' Elysian fields shall lead.'

The morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,
Impatient huddled on his clothes ;
Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to Change-alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here Dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and shows her play ;
Here laughing sits behind the scene,
Dances her puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical machine.
Powell, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius must submit :
Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
And Fame aloud her trumpet blows :
Harangues the mob with shams and lies,
And bids their actions fall or rise.
Old Chaos here his throne regains,
And here in odd confusion reigns ;
All order, all distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the fools are toss'd.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in despair
Sits humble Pride, with downcast look,
Bankrupts restored, and misers broke.
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in masquerade ;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather ;
Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late ;
A colonel of the bold trainbands
Selling his equipage and lands ;
Hard by a cobbler, bidding fair
For the gold chain and next lord mayor ;
A butcher blustering in the crowd,
Of his late purchased scutcheon proud,

Retains his cleaver for his crest,
His motto too beneath the rest,
' Virtue and merit is a jest :'
Two toasts, with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the streets for half-a-crown ;
A draggled countess and her maid,
Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid ;
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All sects, all parties, high and low,
At Fortune's shrine devoutly bow ;
Nought can their ardent zeal restrain,
Where each man's godliness is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,
Atheists and quakers, bawds, and Jews,
Statesmen and fiddlers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From stones and clods transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, strange surprise !
In troops the recent gentry rise ;
Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,
And ape the great with awkward air.
So Pinkethman upon the stage,
Mounting his ass in warlike rage,
With simpering Dicky for his page,
In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race.
Industrious Frank, among the rest,
Bought, sold, and cavill'd ; bawl'd, and press'd ;
Lodged in a garret on the spot,
Follow'd instructions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot ;
Learn'd every dealing term of art,
And all the' ingenious cant by heart :

Nor doubted but he soon should find
Dame Fortune complaisant and kind.
After her oft he call'd aloud,
But still she vanish'd in the crowd ;
Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles
The faithless hypocrite beguiles,
Then with a cool and scornful air
Bids the deluded wretch despair ;
Takes pet without the least pretence,
And wonders at his insolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd,
His patience quite worn out, at last
Resolves to throw one desperate cast.
'Tis vain, (said he) to whine and woo ;
'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.
Fortune is like a widow won,
And truckles to the bold alone ;
I'll push at once and venture all,
At least I shall with honour fall.'
But curse upon the treacherous jade !
Who thus his services repaid ;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

As there is something in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldest painters cannot trace,
That more than feature, shape, or air,
Distinguishes the happy fair,

Strikes every eye, and makes her known
A ruling toast through all the town ;
So in each action 'tis success
That gives it all its comeliness ;
Guards it from censure and from blame,
Brightens and burnishes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men but a lucky hit ?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wisest conduct nought avails.
The man of merit soon shall find
The world to prosperous knaves inclined ;
Himself, the last of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this thesis found,
Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and lost,
And all his mighty projects cross'd ;
With grief and shame at once oppress'd,
Tears swell his eyes, and sighs his breast :
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where shall he turn ? what measures take ?
Betray'd, deceived, and ruin'd quite
By his own greedy appetite,
He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,
And curses Fortune and himself ;
In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty :
So when the watchful hungry mouse,
At midnight prowling round the house,
Winds in a corner toasted cheese,
Glad the luxurious prey to seize,
With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luscious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of Fate ;

Restless his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive, thus distress'd,
His busy thoughts allow no rest ;
Fond on each project to depend,
Kind Hope his only faithful friend ;
Odd whimsies floating in his brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain ;
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the shipwreck'd wretch is toss'd
From wave to wave, and almost lost,
Beat by the billows from the shore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he grasp'd before ;
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To save his carcass from a goal,
Eat up with vermin and with care,
And almost sinking in despair,
Resolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his last resort ;
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears ;
Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise
Each tender sentiment and phrase ;
And every lame excuse supplies
With artful colouring and disguise ;
Kind to himself, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame :
In short, informs her all was lost,—
And sends it by the penny-post.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal scroll, she took her bed,
Cold palsies seize her trembling head ;
She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
Her spectacles and beard with tears ;

Her nose, that wont to sympathize
With all the' o'erflowing of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops distils,
The' united stream each chasm fills.
Geneva now nor Nantz will do,
Her toothless gums their hold let go ;
And on the ground, O fatal stroke !
The short coëval pipe is broke ;
With vapours choked, entranced she lies,
Belches, and prays, and farts, and dies ;
But sleep, that kind restorative,
Recall'd her soul, and bade her live.
With cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,
And brought her reason to her aid.
Away she hobbles, and with speed
Resolves to see the captive freed ;
Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,
And vindicate her ancient race.
With her a sage director comes,
More weighty than a brace of plums,
A good man in the city cant,
Where cash, not morals, makes the saint.
To' improve a genius so polite,
The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight ;
Fortune's chief confident and friend,
Grown fat by many a dividend ;
And still her favour he retains,
By want of merit and of brains ;
On her top-spoke sublime he sits,
The jest and theme of sneering wits ;
For fools in Fortune's pillory placed,
Are mounted to be more disgraced.
This rich old hunks, as Woodcock wise,
Was call'd, the younker to advise.

‘ Young man, (said he) refrain from tears,
While joyful tidings bless thine ears.
Up, and be doing, boy! and try
To conquer fate by industry ;
For know that all of mortal race
Are born to losses and disgrace ;
Even I broke twice ; I, heretofore
A tailor despicably poor,
In every hole for shelter crept,
On the same bulk, botch’d, loused, and slept,
With scarce one penny to prepare
A friendly halter in despair ;
My credit like my garment torn,
Threadbare, and ragged, overworn ;
But soon I patch’d it up again ;
These busy hands, this working brain,
Ne’er ceased from labour, pain, and sweat,
Till Fortune smiled, and I was great.
Now at each pompous city feast
Who but Sir Tristram ? every guest
Respectful bows : in each debate
My nod must give the sentence weight :
On me prime ministers attend,
And —— Aislabie’s my friend :
In embryo each bold project lies,
Till my consenting purse supplies.
This hand—nay, do not think me vain—
Softened the Swede, and humbled Spain.
To me the fair, whom all adore,
Address their prayers, and own my power :
When the poor toast, by break of day,
Has punted all her gold away,
Undress’d, and in her native charms,
She flies to these indulgent arms ;

She curls each dimple in her face
To win the good Sir Tristram's grace ;
Offers her brilliants with a smile
That might an anchoret beguile ;
And when my potent aid is lent,
Away the dear one wheels content.
He that can money get, my boy !
Shall every other good enjoy :
Be rich, and every boon receive
That man can wish, or Heaven can give.
Now to the means, dear youth ! attend,
By which thy sorrows soon shall end :
Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
Her hopeful godson out of gaol.
But what is freedom to the poor ?
The man who begs from door to door
Is free ; in lazy wretchedness
He lives, till Heaven his substance bless ;
But having learn'd to cog and chouse,
To cut a purse, or break a house,
Then soon he mends his old apparel,
Eats boil'd and roast, and taps his barrel,
Drinks double bub with all his might,
And hugs his doxy every night.
Thy sprightly genius ne'er shall lie
Depress'd by want and penury ;
Go, with a prosperous merry gale,
To the South Seas adventurous sail ;
Fat plenty dwells on those rich shores,
Abundance opens all her stores ;
Ingots and pearls for beads are sold,
And rivers glide on sands of gold :
Profit and Pleasure, hand in hand,
Smile on the fields, and bless the land ;

The swains unlabour'd harvests reap,
Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
Fortune is always true and kind,
Nor veers, as here, with every wind ;
Not, as in these penurious isles,
Retails her blessings and her smiles,
But deals by wholesale with her friends,
And gluts them with her dividends.
Then haste, set sail, the ship's unmoor'd,
And waits to take thee now on board.'
The youth, o'erjoy'd, this project hears,
From this flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In short, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice ;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potosi in his view.

CANTO IV.

BEHOLD the youth, just now set free
On land immured again at sea ;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In quest of other worlds for gold.
He who so late regaled at ease,
On olios, soups, and fricassees,
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign and rich Tokay,
Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
And bursts at noon with pork and pease ;
Instead of wine, content to sip,
With noisy tars, their nauseous flip ;
Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
Their jests more fulsome than their meat.

While thunder rolls and storms arise,
He snoring in his hammock lies ;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vast delight ;
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own :
Kind Jove descends in golden sleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet ;
The sea gives up its hoarded store,
Possessing all, he covets more.
O gold ! attractive gold ! in vain
Honour and conscience would restrain
Thy boundless, universal reign.
To thee each stubborn virtue bends ;
The man obliged betrays his friends ;
The patriot quits his country's cause,
And sells her liberty and laws ;
The pious prude's no longer nice ;
And even lawn sleeves can flatter vice.
At thy too absolute command,
Thy zealots ransack sea and land :
Where'er thy beams their power display,
The swarming insects haste away,
To bask in thy refulgent ray.

Now the bold crew, with prosperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind ;
Fearless they quit their native shore,
And Albion's cliffs are seen no more ;
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn,
Danger in various shapes appears,
Sudden alarms and shivering fears.
Here might some copious bard dilate,
And show fierce Neptune drawn in state,

While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play ;
Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,
And forky lightning cleave the skies.
The ship, nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep ;
Describe the monsters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,
And pirates lurking for their prize ;
Amazing miracles rehearse,
And turn all Dampier into verse.
My negligent and humble Muse
Less ambitious aims pursues ;
Content with more familiar phrase,
Nor deals in such embroider'd lays ;
Pleased if my rhyme just measure keeps,
And, stretch'd at ease, my reader sleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old
Their soporific stories told ;
To sleep in vain the patient strove,
Perplex'd with business, cross'd in love,
Till soothing tales becalm'd his breast,
And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they snored all night ;
And after many moons were pass'd,
They made the wish'd-for shores at last.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden strand ;
Open'd his toyshop in the port,
Trinkets of various size and sort ;

Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than bubble-boy in half a score.
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smiled on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retired,
But gave him all his heart desired.
Ah! thoughtless youth! in time beware,
And shun the treacherous harlot's snare;
The wiser savages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold!
Proof against all her subtle wiles,
Regardless of her frowns or smiles;
If frugal Nature want supplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain-boar, their prey, descends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,
Feast on the prize their valour won.
Cease, babbling Muse! thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or streams that down the mountains stray
Divert their course, return again,
And climb the steep from whence they came.
Unbless'd with his ill-gotten store,
The' insatiate youth still craves for more;
The counsel deaf, to' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find;
Now master of a vessel grown,
With all the glittering freight his own,
To Fortune still he makes his court,
And coasts along from port to port:

Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
Through Panama's delicious bay
The loaded vessel ploughs her way ;
With the rich freight oppress'd she sails,
And summons all the friendly gales.
Frank on her deck triumphant stood,
And view'd the calm transparent flood :
' Let book-learn'd sots (said he) adore
The' aspiring hills that grace thy shore ;
Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow
Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow ;
Thy face serene, thy gentle breast,
Where Syrens sing and Halcyons rest ;
Propitious flood ! on me bestow
The treasures of thy depth below,
Which long in thy dark womb have slept,
From age to age securely kept.'
Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprise !
The' indignant waves in mountains rise,
And hurricanes invade the skies ;
The ship against the shoals was struck,
And in a thousand pieces broke ;
But one poor trusty plank, to save
Its owner from the watery grave :
On this he mounts, is cast on shore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before.
Spiritless, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan ;
Then climbs the rugged rocks, to' explore
If aught was driving to the shore,
The poor remains of all his store ;
With greedy diligence prepared
To save whate'er the waves had spared.

But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
Compassion from the furious main;
Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair,
He beat his breast, he tore his hair;
Then leaning o'er the craggy steep,
Look'd down into the boiling deep,
Almost resolved to cast himself,
And perish with his dear, dear self.

CANTO V.

IF Heaven the thriving trader bless,
What fawning crowds about him press!
But if he fail, distress'd and poor,
His mob of friends are seen no more:
For all men hold it meet to fly
The' infectious breath of Poverty.
Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,
Curses the day that he was born:
Each treacherous crony hides his face,
Or starts whene'er he haunts the place.
His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,
On Fortune still the youth depends:
' One smile (said he) can soon restore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, sure, refuse her aid.'
Fallacious hope! for the false jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her costly goods to sell)
From Panama to Portobel¹:

¹ This is the road the King of Spain's treasure is carried over the Isthmus of Darien.

Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddess rides sublime in air;
And hence conveys a fresh supply
For pride, debate, and iuxury.
Frank, when he heard the' unwelcome news,
Like a stanch hound the chase pursues,
Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide waste, through pathless ways,
The solitary pilgrim strays;
Now on the swampy desert plain,
Through brakes of mangroves² works with pain,
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirst, to Heaven he cries,
But finds no stream, but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worse extreme prepare:
Sudden the lowering storms arise,
The bursting thunder rends the skies,
Aslant the ruddy lightning flies,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And gives a short, but dreadful day;
With pealing rain the woods resound,
Convulsions shake the solid ground;
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear;
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,

² A sort of brier in the West Indies, very troublesome to travellers.

And cannibals, more fierce than they,
(Monsters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feast on human gore,
And, still insatiate, thirst for more.
Half-dead, at every noise he hears
His fancy multiplies his fears ;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,
Each tragic scene his eyes behold :
Things past as present fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

At length the sun began to peep,
And gild the surface of the deep :
Then on the reeking moisture fed,
The scatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers shrunk into their bed :
Nature revives ; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a song.
Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,
Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And, starting, doubts if yet he lives.
At last his spirits mend their pace,
And hope sat dawning on his face ;
' Even such is human life, (said he)
A night of dread and misery,
Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And sunshine days return again.
O Fortune ! who dost now bestow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
Do not thy faithful slave destroy,
But give the' alternative of joy.'
Then many a painful step he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes ;

No sturdy, desperate buccaneer
E'er suffer'd hardships more severe ;
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind ;
His tedious journey he pursues,
At last his eye transported views
Fair Portobel, whose rising spires
Inflame his heart with new desires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,
And flattering hopes the wretch beguiles.
Though Nature calls for sleep and food,
Yet stronger avarice subdued ;
Even shameful nakedness and pain,
And thirst and hunger plead in vain :
No rest he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he seeks from street to street ;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Wherever busy crowds resort,
The change, the market, and the port ;
In vain he turns his eyeballs round,
Fortune was no where to be found ;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the shore ;
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful scuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,
All his fond hopes at once are lost.
Aghast the swelling sails he views,
And with his eye the fleet pursues,
Till, lessen'd to his wearied sight,
It leaves him to despair and night.
So when the faithless Theseus fled
The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,

Awaked, at distance on the main,
She view'd the prosperous perjured swain,
And call'd the' avenging gods in vain.
Prostrate on earth, till break of day,
Senseless and motionless he lay,
Till tears at last find out their way,
Gush'd like a torrent from his eyes ;
In bitterness of soul he cries,
' O Fortune ! now too late I see,
Too late, alas ! thy treachery.
Wretch that I am ! abandon'd, lost,
About the world at random toss'd,
Whither, oh ! whither shall I run ?
Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
In the dark mines go hide thy head
Accursed, exchange thy sweat for bread ;
Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
Go, slave, and dig thyself a tomb :
There's gold enough ; pernicious gold ;
To which long since thy peace was sold ;
Vain helpless idol ! canst thou save
This shatter'd carcass from the grave ?
Restless disturber of mankind,
Canst thou give health or peace of mind ?
Oh ! no ; deceived the fool shall be
Who puts his confidence in thee.
Fatally blind, my native home
I left, in this rude world to roam ;
O brother ! shall I view no more
Thy peaceful bowers ? fair Albion's shore ?
Yes (if kind Heaven my life shall spare)
Some happy moments yet I'll share
In thy delightful bless'd retreat,
With thee condemn the rich and great ;

Redeem my time mispent, and wait
Till death relieve the' unfortunate.'

Adversity ! sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best ;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below ;
Right Reason's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty passions bend ;
Tamed by thy rod, poor Frank at last
Repents of all his follies pass'd ;
Resign'd, and patient to endure
Those ills which Heaven alone can cure.
With vain pursuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return ;
Longs to revisit yet once more,
Poor prodigal ! his native shore.
In the next ship for Britain bound
Glad Frank a ready passage found ;
Nor vessel now nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown ;
No property but life his share,
Life, a frail good not worth his care ;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner and gay,
He hands the sails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams disturb his rest,
No passions riot in his breast ;
For, having nothing left to lose,
Sweet and unbroken his repose.
And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green ;
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His faltering tongue bursts from his eyes :

At length thus hail'd the well-known land,
And, kneeling, kiss'd the happy strand :—
' And do I then draw native air

After an age of toil and care ?

O welcome parent Isle! no more

The vagrant shall desert thy shore ;

But, flying to thy kind embrace,

Here end his life's laborious race.'

So when the stag, intent to rove,

Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,

Tops the high pale, strolls unconfined,

And leaves the lazy herd behind,

Bless'd in his happy change awhile,

Corn fields and flowery meadows smile,

The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil ;

Till on the next returning morn,

Alarm'd, he hears, the fatal horn ;

Before the stanch blood-thirsty hounds,

Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds ;

With clamour every wood resounds :

He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,

He seeks the distant stream in vain ;

And now, by sad experience wise,

To his dear home the rambler flies ;

His old enclosure gains once more,

And joins the herd he scorn'd before.

Nor are his labours finish'd yet,

Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,

And many a tedious mile remains,

Before his brother's house he gains.

Without one doit his purse to bless,

Nor very elegant his dress,

With a tarr'd jump, a crooked bat,

Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat,

From door to door the stroller skipp'd,
Sometimes relieved, but oftener whipp'd;
Sunburnt and ragged, on he fares;
At last the mansion-house appears,
Timely relief for all his cares!
Around he gazed, his greedy sight
Devours each object with delight;
Through each known haunt transported roves,
Gay smiling fields and shady groves,
Once conscious of his youthful loves.
About the hospitable gate
Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand
Cheer'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band;
Proud the most godlike joy to share,
He fed the hungry, clothed the bare.
Frank amongst these his station chose,
With looks revealing inward woes;
When, lo! with wonder and surprise,
He saw dame Fortune in disguise;
He saw, but scarce believed his eyes.
Her fawning smiles, her tricking air,
The' egregious hypocrite declare;
A gipsy's mantle round her spread,
Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
Strange feats she promised, clamour'd loud,
And with her cant amused the crowd:
There every day impatient plied,
Push'd to get in, but still denied;
For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,
Thrust the false vagrant from his door;
But when the stranger's face he view'd,
With no deceitful tears bedew'd,

His boding heart began to melt,
And more than usual pity felt :
He traced his features o'er and o'er,
That spoke him better born, though poor,
Though clothed in rags, genteel his mien,
That face he somewhere must have seen !
Nature at last reveals the truth ;
He knows and owns the hapless youth.
Surprised and speechless, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face,
Till Bob thus eased his labouring thought,
And this instructive moral taught :

‘ Welcome, my brother ! to my longing arms,
Here on my bosom rest secure from harms ;
See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid ;
She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies,
But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
Oh ! tempt the faithless winds and seas no more ;
Let unavailing toils and dangers pass'd,
Though late, this useful lesson teach at last :
True happiness is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body sound ;
All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground :
While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
And still one wish obtain'd, creates a new ;
Like froward babes, the toys they have detest,
While still the newest trifle pleases best :
Let us, my brother ! rich in wisdom's store,
What Heaven has lent enjoy, nor covet more ;
Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,
And to ourselves restore the Golden Age.’

TALES.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

A VICAR lived on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent ;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught ;
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal ;
For against every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor, but his sheep,
Alas ! within no bounds would keep ;
A scabby flock, that every day
Ran riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thumb'd o'er again each useful text ;
Rebuked, exhorted, all in vain,
His parish was the more profane :
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.

At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could jibe and joke, as well as pray ;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride, zeal ; ill-nature, grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast
He singled out the sinful beast ;

Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierced where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride ;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother,
Till the whole parish was with ease
Shamed into virtue by degrees :
Then be advised, and try a Tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM.

FRANK PLUME, a spark about the Town,
Now weary of intriguing gown,
Thought it advisable to wed,
And choose a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaste.—Ay, right—but where
Is there a nymph that's chaste as fair?
A blessing to be prized, but rare :
For continence penurious Heaven
With a too sparing hand has given ;
A plant but seldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on British ground.
Should our adventurer haste on board,
And see what foreign soils afford,
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich casket, close immured,
Is under lock and key secured?

No—Frank, by long experience wise,
Had known these forts took by surprise ;
Nature, in spite of art, prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—Should he go
And scale a convent? would that do?
Is nun's flesh always good and sweet?
Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.
Well—he resolves to do his best,
And prudently contrives this test :
'If the last favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the case is plain ;
Married, she'll play the same odd prank
With others—she's no wife for Frank.
But could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withstand,
The sap, and even sword in hand,
Ye gods! how happy should I be ;
From each perplexing thought set free,
From cuckoldom and jealousy !'
The project pleased : he now appears,
And shines in all his killing airs,
And every useful toy prepares.
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane, and red heel'd shoes ;
Nor the clock stocking was forgot,
The' embroider'd coat and shoulder-knot ;
All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love !
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or sighs in gales :
Now, in the lucky moment tried,
Low at his feet the fair-one died,
For Strephon would not be denied :

Then, if no motives could persuade,
A golden shower debauch'd the maid,
The mistress truckled and obey'd.
To modesty a sham pretence
Gain'd some, others impertinence,
But most, plain downright impudence.
Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all ;
The vassal sex before him fall ;
Where'er he march'd slaughter ensued ;
He came, he saw, and he subdued.
At length a stubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla stood her ground,
Parried his thrusts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart :
She kept the hero still in play,
And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he resolves to make a stand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly priest soon tied the knot,
The luscious tale was not forgot,
Then emptied both his pipe and pot.
The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And Sir and Madam all alone ;
' My dear, (said he) I strove, you know,
To taste the joys you now bestow,
All my persuasive arts I tried,
But still, relentless, you denied ;
Tell me, inexorable fair !
How could you, thus attack'd, forbear ?—
' Swear to forgive what's pass'd, (she cried)
The naked truth sha'nt be denied.'
He did ; the baggage thus replied :—
' Deceived so many times before
By your false sex, I rashly swore
To trust deceitful man no more.'

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

‘FOR shame, (said Ebony) for shame,
 Tom Ruby! troth you’re much to blame
 To drink at this confounded rate,
 To guzzle early thus and late!’

Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
 And at the door his uncle met,
 Surprised and thunderstruck, would fain
 Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
 Each blush, that glow’d with an ill grace,
 Lighted the flambeau in his face;
 No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
 To palliate the foul offence.

‘I own, (said he) I’m very bad—
 A sot—incurably mad—
 But, sir—I thank you for your love,
 And by your lectures would improve :
 Yet give me leave to say, the street
 For conference is not so meet.
 Here in this room—nay, sir, come in,
 Expose, chastise me for my sin ;
 Exert each trope, your utmost art,
 To touch this senseless flinty heart.
 I’m conscious of my guilt, ’tis true,
 But yet I know my frailty too ;
 A slight rebuke will never do.
 Urge home my faults—Come in, I pray—
 Let not my soul be cast away.’

Wise Ebony, who deem’d it good
 To’ encourage by all means he could
 These first appearances of grace,
 Follow’d up stairs, and took his place.

The bottle and the crust appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
'My duty, sir!'—'Thank you, kind Tom!'—
'Again an't please!'—'I thank you!'—'Come—
Sorrow is dry—I must once more—
'Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner—
Come, to the point in hand; is't fit,
A man of your good sense and wit,
Those parts which Heaven bestow'd should drown,
A butt to all the sots in town?
Why, tell me, Tom—what fort can stand
(Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
If night and day the fierce foe plies
With never-ceasing batteries,
Will there not be a breach at last?'—
'Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's pass'd.'—
'But if nor interest nor fame,
Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
Of an hereafter? dear are bought
These sensual pleasures.'—'I relent,
Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—'
Then pouting, hung his head; yet still
Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
Which, as his hurried spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony stuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
Till intervening hiccups broke
The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home.

That preaching still, this still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,
Till both, brimfull, could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.

Bacchus, the jolly god, who sat
Wide straddling o'er his tun in state,
Close by the window-side, from whence
He heard this weighty conference,
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead speaks :
' Frail mortals ! know, Reason in vain
Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
See there the sophister o'erthrown,
With stronger arguments knock'd down
Than e'er in wrangling schools were known !
The wine that sparkles in this glass
Smooths every brow, gilds every face ;
As vapours when the sun appears,
Far hence anxieties and fears :
Grave ermine smiles, lawn-sleeves grow gay,
Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
And cardinals and popes obey :
Even Cato drank his glass ; 'twas I
Taught the brave patriot how to die
For injured Rome and liberty :
'Twas I who with immortal lays
Inspired the bard that sung his praise.
Let dull unsociable fools
Loll in their cells, and live by rules ;
My votaries in gay delight
And mirth shall revel all the night ;
Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
And make each moment worth an age.'

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux
Left masquerades and puppet-shows,
Deserted ombre and basset,
At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat ;
When sprightly rakes forsook champaign,
The playhouse, and the merry main,
Good Mother Weyburn and the stews,
To smoke with brokers, stink with Jews ;
In fine, when all the world run mad,
(A story not less true than sad)
Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
To all this chaste and sober town,
Got every penny he could rally,
To try his fortune in Change-alley ;
In haste to loll in coach and six,
Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks
Amongst his brother lunatics.
Transported at his first success,
A thousand whims his fancy bless
With scenes of future happiness.
How frail are all our joys below !
Mere dazzling meteors, flash and show !
O Fortune ! false deceitful whore !
Caught in thy trap with thousands more,
He found his rhino sunk and gone,
Himself a bankrupt, and undone.
Ned could not well digest this change,
Forced in the world at large to range,
With Babel's monarch turn'd to grass,
Would it not break a heart of brass ?
'Tis vain to sob and hang the lip,
One penny left, he buys a slip,

At once his life and cares to lose ;
Under his ear he fits the noose ;
A hook in an old wall he spies,
To that the fatal rope he ties :
Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,
He plunged into the gaping deep ;
Nor did he doubt in hell to find
Dealings more just, and friends more kind.
As he began to twist and sprawl,
The loosen'd stones break from the wall :
Down drops the rake upon the spot,
And after him an earthen pot :
Reeling he rose, and gazed around,
And saw the crock lie on the ground ;
Surprised, amazed, at this odd sight,
Trembling, he broke it in a fright ;
When, lo ! at once came pouring forth
Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequest,
He took the birds, but left the nest ;
And then, to spy what might ensue,
Into a neighbouring wood withdrew ;
Nor waited long ; for soon he sees
A tall black man skulk through the trees ;
He knew him by his shuffling pace,
His threadbare coat and hatchet face ;
And who the devil should it be
But sanctified Sir Timothy !
His uncle by his mother's side,
His guardian and his faithful guide.
This drivelling knight with pockets full,
And proud as any Great Mogul,
For his wise conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade,

And had most piously drawn in
Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very stock he sold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *hocus pocus*, to himself;
And, to secure the spoils he got,
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here every night and every morn,
Devout as any monk new shorn,
The prostrate hypocrite implores
Just Heaven to bless his hidden stores:
But when he saw dear mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No losing rook, no carted whore,
No sailor when the billows roar,
With such a grace e'er cursed and swore:
Then as he pored upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he spied,
'And is this all that's left? (he cried)
Am I thus paid for all my cares,
My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
'Tis well—there's something saved at least,
Welcome, thou faithful friendly guest;
If I must hang, now all is lost,
'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
To do it at my own expense
Would be downright extravagance.'
Thus comforted, without a tear
He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he tied
And most heroically died.

Ned, who behind a spreading tree
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curses rung his knell,
And bid him thus his last farewell :
' Was it not, uncle, very kind
In me to leave the rope behind ?
A legacy so well bestow'd,
For all the gratitude I owed.
Adieu, Sir Tim ; by Heaven's decree
Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
In the same glorious manner swing,
Without one friend to cut the string ;
That hence rapacious knaves may know,
Justice is always sure, though slow.'

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
Young, amorous, witty, and well made ;
' Discreet ?'—Hold, sir,—nay, as I live,
My friend, you're too inquisitive :
Discretion, all men must agree,
Is a most shining quality,
Which, like leaf-gold, makes a great show,
And thinly spread, sets off a beau :
But, sir, to put you out of pain,
Our youngster had not half a grain ;
A leaky blab, rash, faithless, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As soon as ere obtain'd, were known ;
For trophies rear'd the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expose the dame,
And love is sacrificed to fame.

Such insolence the sex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
The' outrageous bacchanals combine,
And brandish'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
To' escape so terrible a foe?
Seek shelter on the Libyan shore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And trust the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and sure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not so talkative and loud,
With silence and with care suppress'd
The glowing vengeance in her breast,
Resolved by stratagem and art
To make the saucy villain smart.
The cunning baggage had prepared
Pomatum of the finest lard,
With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
Alum, and vitriol, *q. s.*
Arsenic, and bole: but I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme;
'Twould make my diction too sublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
An able styptic (as 'tis said)
To soder a crack'd maidenhead.
'This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilet laid:
The sauntering cully soon appears,
As usual, vows, protests, and swears;
Careless an opera-tune he hums,
Plunders her patchbox, breaks her combs.

As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box : pleased with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora smiles.
'What's this?' cries Jack.—'That box! (says she)
Pomatum; what else should it be?'—
But here 'tis fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when blustering Boreas blows,
Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
His lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral bristled like a thorn.
Pleased with a cure so *apropos*,
Nor jealous of so fair a foe,
The healing ointment thick he spread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and shoot;
He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fish: all he could strain,
Were some hoarse gutturals forced with pain.
He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not speak a curse;
His lips were drawn into a purse.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy bursts out amain;
She laughs, she screams, the house is raised,
Through all the street the' affair is blazed:
In shoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and press into the room.
Sir Harry Tawdry and his bride,
Miss Tulip, deck'd in all her pride;
Wise madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble:
So great a concourse ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monster's shown,

When bears dance jigs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the scene,
Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he strives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, exposed to view,
The crowd their clamorous shouts renew :
A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,
Stark dumb, the passive creature hears.
No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
Was ere so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,
To pay him for offences past,
With sneering malice in her face
Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace* :
' Lard ! how demure and how precise
He looks ; silence becomes the wise.
Vile tongue ! its master to betray,
But now the prisoner must obey,
I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
Learn hence, what angry woman can,
When wrong'd by that false traitor, man ;
Who boasts our favours, soon or late
The treacherous blab shall feel our hate.'

THE WISE BUILDER.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
Secured from rain and wind :
A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
' Shall the great Socrates live here,
To this mean cell confined ?'

‘ The furniture’s my chiefest care,
(Replied the sage) here’s room to spare,
Sweet sir ! for I and you ;
When this with faithful friends is fill’d,
An ampler palace I shall build ;
Till then this cot must do.’

THE TRUE USE OF
THE LOOKING-GLASS.

TOM CAREFUL had a son and heir,
Exact his shape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half so fair ;
But then, alas ! his daughter Jane
Was but so-so ; a little plain.

In mam’s apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glass they view’d,
Which then upon her toilet stood ;
Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
Beheld each rising charm with joy !
With partial eyes survey’d himself ;
But for his sister, poor brown elf !
On her the self-enamour’d chit
Was very lavish of his wit.
She bore, alas ! whate’er she could ;
But ’twas too much for flesh and blood ;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon scandal on her face ?
Disconsolate, away she flies,
And at her daddy’s feet she lies,
Sighs, sobs, and groans calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey’d,

Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence.
The cause the' indulgent father heard,
And culprit summon'd, soon appear'd ;
Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
And promised largely to be good.
As both the tender father press'd
With equal ardour to his breast,
And smiling kiss'd, ' Let there be peace,'
(Said he) let broils and discord cease ;
Each day, my children, thus employ
The faithful mirror : you, my boy,
Remember that no vice disgrace
The gift of Heaven, that beauteous face :
And you, my girl, take special care
Your want of beauty to repair
By virtue, which alone is fair.'

MAHOMET ALI BEG ;

OR,

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A LONG descent and noble blood
Is but a vain fantastic good,
Unless with inbred virtues join'd,
An honest, brave, and generous mind.
All that our ancestors have done,
Nations relieved and battles won,
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyle, we scorn to owe,
And pay that lustre they bestow ;

But if, a mean degenerate race,
Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,
Lag in the glorious course of fame,
Their great achievements we disclaim:
Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize;
For since the forming Hand of old
Cast all mankind in the same mould:
Since no distinguish'd clan is bless'd
With finer porcelain than the rest;
And since, in all, the ruling mind
Is of the same celestial kind;
'Tis education shows the way
Each latent beauty to display;
Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in shades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to shine,
On Chloe's ivory bosom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obscure shall raise its head,
Though dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;
Heroes as yet unsung, shall fight
For slaves oppress'd, and injured right;
And able statesmen prop the throne,
To Battle Abbey roll'd unknown.

Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
In Persia reign'd, and bless'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant and wise,
Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
To find true virtue in disguise.

¹ A record kept in Battle Abbey, which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

Hunting (it seems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night;
The sport of all the brave and bold
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beasts his prey,
To mightier George, whose milder sway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In quest of his fierce savage foes
Before the sun the monarch rose,
The grisly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provoked to rage;
In the close thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled boar;
Or to pursue the flying deer
While deep-mouth'd hounds the valleys cheer,
And Echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.

Under a rock's projecting shade
A shepherd-boy his seat had made,
Happy as Cræsus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own:
Content on mortals here below
Is all that Heaven can bestow.
His crook and scrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks securely couch'd around,
And seem'd to listen to the sound.
Returning from the chase one day,
The king by chance had lost his way:
Nor guards nor nobles now attend,
But one young lord, his bosom friend.
Now tired with labour, spent with heat,
They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his seat,

And, with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.
The Persian monarch, who so late
Lord of the world, ruled all in state,
On cloth of gold and tissue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod,
With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning slaves around,
Behold him now ! his canopy
The' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,
That grew upon its shaggy brow,
To their great prince observant bow ;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bless him with a friendly shade :
On the bare flint he sits alone,
And, oh ! would kings this truth but own,
The safer and the nobler throne !
But where do I digress ? 'tis time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modesty subdued,
The blush that glow'd in all its pride,
Then trembled on his cheeks, and died ;
He grew inquisitive to trace
What soul dwelt in that lovely case :
To every question, serious, gay,
The youth replied without delay ;
His answers for the most part right,
And taking, if not apposite ;
Unstudied, unaffected sense
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with such a prize,
And stood with wonder in his eyes ;

Commits his treasure to the care
Of the young lord ; bids him not spare
For cost, or pains, to' enrich his breast
With all the learning of the East.
He bow'd, obey'd ; well clothed, well fed,
And with his patron's children bred,
Still every day the youth improved,
By all admired, by all beloved.

Now the first curling down began
To give the promise of a man ;
To court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower posts ; yet still he gain'd
By candour, courtesy, and skill,
The subjects' love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His stubborn soul ; true to his trust,
Firm, and inexorably just,
In judgment ripe, he soon became
A Walpole, or a Walsingham ;
And wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care ;
His busy eyes kenn'd every where ;
In each dark scheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning dervises contrive
Their plots, disguised with shams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.

Now high in rank the peer is placed,
And Ali Beg with titles graced ;
No bounds his master's bounties know,
His swelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to bestow :
Perplex'd and studious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give ;

His pious frauds conceal the name,
And screen the modest man from shame.
Whoe'er would heavenly treasures raise,
Must grant the boon, escape the praise.
But his immense and endless gain
No private charities could drain :
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of humankind.
Convenient inns on each great road,
At his own proper costs endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreshment both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine ;
In various tongues his bounty's bless'd,
While with surprise the stranger-guest
Does here on unbought dainties feast.
See stately palaces arise,
And gilded domes invade the skies.
Say, Muse ! what lords inhabit here ?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer :
The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,
The idiot, and the lunatic.
He curb'd each river's swelling pride ;
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges stride.
A thousand gracious deeds were done,
Buried in silence and unknown.

At length worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas died : left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienced, raw,
By his stern father kept in awe,
To the Seraglio's walls confined,
Barr'd from the converse of mankind.

Strange jealousy ! a certain rule
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime minister,
But had not much his master's ear ;
Walk'd on unfaithful slippery ground,
Till an occasion could be found
To pick a quarrel ; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them conversed, by them was led :
Beardless, half-men ! in whose false breasts
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship rests.
There spite and pining envy dwell,
And rage, as in their native hell ;
For, conscious of their own disgrace,
Each excellence they would debase,
And vent their spleen on human race.
This Ali found ; strange senseless lies
And inconsistent calumnies
They buzz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
' Great Prince ! (said they) Ali, your slave—
Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—
Yet pardon us—we can't but see
His boundless pride and vanity :
His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
In their own channels taught to glide.
Each beggar and each lazy drone
His subject more than yours is grown,
And for a palace leaves his cell,
Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
His inns for travellers provide,
Strangers are listed on his side :
In his own house how grand the scene !
Tissues and velvets are too mean ;

Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expense !
Suspected, bold magnificence !
Whence can this flood of riches flow ?
Examine his accounts, you'll know :
Your eye on your exchequer cast,
The secret will come out at last.'

Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
To rise before the dawn of day)
Went early to the council-board,
Prostrate on earth, his king adored :
The king, with countenance severe,
Look'd sternly on his minister ;
' Ali, (said he) I have been told
Great treasures, both in gems and gold,
Were left, and trusted to your care ;
'Mong these one gem exceeding rare
I long to view, which was (they said)
A present from the Sultan made ;
The finest that the world e'er saw,
White, large, and fair, without a flaw.'
The' unblemish'd Ali thus replied,
' Great sir ! it cannot be denied
'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
The Great Mogul has not its peer.
Please it your majesty to go
Into the treasury below,
You'll wonder at its piercing ray,
The sun gives not a nobler day.'

Together now they all descend ;
Poor Ali had no other friend
But a soul faithful to its trust,
The sure asylum of the just.
In proper classes now are seen
The diamonds bright, the emeralds green ;

Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,
Disposed in rows with nicest care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds, with wonder and surprise,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place ;
The rest with envious leer behold,
And stumble upon bars of gold.
Next, in an amber-box, is shown
The noblest jewel of the crown :
' This, sir, (said he) believe your slave,
Is the fine gem the Sultan gave ;
Around it darts its beams of light,
No comet e'er was half so bright.'
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well pleased, and half convinced, retires :
' Ali, (said he) with you I dine ;
Your furniture, I'm told, is fine.'
Wise Ali, for this favour show'd,
Humbly with lowest reverence bow'd.

At Ali's house now every hand
Is busy at their lord's command,
Where, at the' appointed hour, resort
The king and all his splendid court.
Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet,
On all his compliments bestows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture, and gems, and gold,
From room to room the chase pursued,
With curious eye each corner view'd,
Ransack'd the' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each closet search'd, unlock'd each door ;

But all he found was plain and coarse,
The meanest Persian scarce had worse :
These Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expensive trifles sought.
One door a prying eunuch spied,
With bars and locks well fortified,
And now, secure to find the prize,
Show'd it the king with joyful eyes :
' Ali, (said he) that citadel
Is strong, and barricadoed well :
What have you there ?' Ali replied,
' Oh ! sir, there's lodged my greatest pride ;
There are the gems I value most,
And all the treasures I can boast.'

All now convinced of his disgrace,
Triumph appear'd in every face.
The monarch doubted now no more ;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
When, lo ! upon the wall appear
His shepherd's weeds hung up with care ;
Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there,
Nor pipe that tuned his humble lays,
Sweet solace of his better days !
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,
And thus the wondering king address'd :
' Great prince ! your Ali is your slave,
To you belong whate'er I have ;
Goods, house, are yours, nay yours this head,
For speak the word, and I am dead :
These moveables, and these alone,
I may with justice call my own.
Your royal sire, Abbas the Great,
Whom nations, prostrate at his feet,
On earth adored, whose soul at rest,
In Paradise a welcome guest,

Enjoys its full in fragrant bowers²,
Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
While the pure stream, in living rills,
From rocks of adamant distils,
And black-eyed nymphs attend his nod,
Fair daughters of that bless'd abode ;
By his command I left the plain,
An humble, but contented swain ;
Nor sought I wealth, nor power, nor place :
All these were owing to his grace ;
'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
And fix'd me here in this high seat,
The mark of envy : much he gave,
But yet of nought deprived his slave :
He touch'd not these. Alas ! whose spite,
Whose avarice would these excite ?
My old hereditary right !
Grant me but these, great prince ! once more,
Grant me the pleasure to be poor ;
This scrip, these homely weeds, I'll wear,
The bleating flocks shall be my care !
The' employ that did my youth engage,
Shall be the comfort of my age.'

The king, amazed at such a scorn
Of riches in a shepherd born,
' How soars that soul (said he) above
The courtier's hate, or monarch's love !
No power such virtue can efface,
No jealous malice shall disgrace :
Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
But this is to be truly great !'
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He clasp'd him in a close embrace ;

² Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

Then caused himself to be undress'd,
And clothed him in his royal vest;
The greatest honour he could give,
Or Persian subjects can receive.

THE BUSY INDOLENT.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
Well skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ,
Among his friends pass'd for a wit;
But loved his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
To' expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd,
Nor courted for their votes the crowd;
Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleased, spoke what he thought;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair;
Was loath to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honest idle rake,
Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,

Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increased as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
And, 'Thou'rt a knave!' and 'Thou'rt an oaf!'
Is bandied round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence come.
In his great chair his worship sat,
A grave and able magistrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short speech he first computes
The vast expense of law disputes,
And everlasting chancery-suits.
With zeal and warmth he rallied then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen,

And recommended in the close
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perused records, heard evidence ;
Observed, replied, hit every blot,
Unravell'd every Gordian knot ;
With great activity and parts
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
And without fees or time mispent
By strength of ale and argument,
Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
And with surprise heard the debate
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire,
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease, and eloquence :
' Lord ! sir, (said he) I can't but chide ;
What useful talents do you hide !
In half an hour you have done more
Than Puzzle can in half a score,
With all the practice of the courts,
His cases, precedents, reports.'

Jack with a smile replied, ' 'Tis true,
This may seem odd, my friend, to you :
But give me not more than my due.
No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
But hastens to decide the cause.
Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
Will struggle to be free again.
So lazy men and indolent,
With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
Exert their utmost powers and skill,
Work hard ; for what ? why, to sit still.

They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
For even sloth prompts to industry :
Therefore, my friend, I freely own
All this address I now have shown,
Is mere impatience, and no more,
To lounge and loiter as before.
Life is a span, the world an inn—
Here, sirrah, the' other nipperkin.'

THE YEOMAN OF KENT.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
Lived on his own, and paid no rent ;
Manured his own paternal land,
Had always money at command
To purchase bargains, or to lend,
To' improve his stock, or help a friend ;
At Cressy and Poitiers of old
His ancestors were bowmen bold,
Whose good yew-bows and sinews strong
Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long ;
For England's glory, strew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes slain.
Beloved by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good ;
At every mart, his word a law,
Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
How just is Heaven, and how true,
To give to such desert its due !
'Tis in authentic legends said,
Two twins at once had bless'd his bed ;
Frank was the eldest, but the other
Was honest Numps, his younger brother ;

That with a face effeminate,
And shape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,
A franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half so tough ;
And true as steel to cuff or kick,
Or play about at doublestick,
Who but friend Numps ? while Frank's delight
Was more, say they, to dance than fight ;
At Whitsun-ales king of the May,
Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,
He tripp'd it on each holiday.
Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town ; but Numps he staid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could soon an honest living earn ;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falstaff in East Cheap ;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully ;
Plied hard his work, had learn'd the way
To watch all night, and sleep all day.
Flush'd with success, new rigg'd and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien ;
Accomplish'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow ; and too wide,
Alas ! lay her concerns, her pride :
Great as a duchess, she would scorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born ;
Poor and expensive ! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while lived tolerably tight ;

And spouse, who sometimes sat till morn
At cribbage, made a good return.
While thus they lived from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth,
But whether 'twas his own or no
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanced, 'tis also true
A lying-in's expensive too,
In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,
Whate'er the wanton gossips lack ;
While scandal thick as hailshot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers fill their eyes !
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And visit the good man, his sire.
In the stage-coach he seats himself,
Loaded with madam and her elf ;
In her right hand the coral placed,
Her lap a China-orange graced ;
Pap for the babe was not forgot,
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day,
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.

Frank, to the mansion-house now come,
Rejoiced to find himself at home ;
Neighbours around, and cousins, went
By scores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little shock'd to view
A squire so fine, a sight so new :
But, above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd and deck'd beyond compare ;
Scarce a shrieve's wife at an assize
Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes ;
And master too in all his pride,
His silver rattle by his side,

Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream,
More noisy than the yeoman's team,
With tassels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.
The good old dame, ravish'd outright,
Even doted on so gay a sight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn,
Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.

With other eyes the Yeoman sage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and discerning heart
But sterling worth and true desert.
At last he could no longer bear
Such strange sophisticated ware;
He cries, (enraged at this odd scene)
'What can this foolish coxcomb mean,
Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
Carries his riches on his back?
Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
And alienate my tenements,
Which long have stood in good repair,
Nor sunk nor rose from heir to heir;
Still the same rent without advance
Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France:
But now, alas! all must be lost,
And all my prudent projects cross'd.
Brave honest race! is it thus then
We dwindle into gentlemen?
But I'll prevent this foul disgrace;
This butterfly from hence I'll chase.'

He saddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Heralds' office he
Took out his coat and paid his fee,
And had it cheap—as wits agree:

A lion rampant, stout and able,
Argent the field, the border sable;
The gay escutcheon look'd as fine
As any new-daub'd country sign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his speed :
' Here, son (said he) since you will be
A gentleman in spite of me ;
Here, sir, this gorgeous bauble take ;
How well it will become a rake !
Be what you seem : this is your share ;
But honest Numps shall be my heir ;
To him I'll leave my whole estate,
Lest my brave race degenerate.'

THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DR. M——.

WHEN saints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As sinners now in Drury Lane,
Wrapp'd up in mysteries profound,
A saint perceived his head turn round :
Whether the sweet and savoury wind,
That should have been discharged behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And seized the fortress of his head,
Ye sage philosophers ! debate ;
I solve no problems intricate.
That he was mad to me is clear ;
Else why should he, whose nicer ear
Could never bear church-music here,
Dream that he heard the bless'd above
Chanting in hymns of joy and love ?

Organs themselves, which were of yore
The music of the scarlet whore,
Are now with transport heard. In fine,
Ravish'd with harmony divine,
All earthly blessings he defies,
The guest and favourite of the skies.
At last his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends ;
The patient cured demands his fee :
' Curse on thy farting pills and thee ;
(Replied the saint :) ah ! to my cost
I'm cured ; but where's the Heaven I lost ?
Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
Who'd barter Paradise for sense ?

Even so bemused, (that is, possess'd)
With raptures fired, and more than bless'd,
In pompous epic, towering odes,
I strut with heroes, feast with gods ;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy delusion ! kind deceit ;
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat ;
Your eye severe traces each fault,
Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.
Cured of my frenzy, I despise
Such trifles stripp'd of their disguise,
Convinced, and miserably wise.

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet,
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine :

Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night, as carelessly he stood,
Cheering his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)

Like that he chafed and fumed with ire.
' Jenny, (said he) 'tis very hard
That no man's honour can be spared;
If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caused his aching head.
If Madam Doodle would be witty,
And I am summon'd to the city,
To play at blind-man's buff, or so;
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner,
Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner:
But rot the sneering fops! if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
I swear by this deed-doing blade
Dreadful examples shall be made:
What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?

As thus he raved with all his might,
(How insecure from Fortune's spite,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To show his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—,
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.

Hard by, and in the corner, sate
A Bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smell'd out the breach he made;
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch the' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges, (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering Colonel felt a smart;
Sore grieved for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skipp'd, and bounced about the room;
Then turning short, 'Zounds, sir! (he cries)—
Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burn'd alive!
' I am not, sir, inquisitive
(Replied Sir Gravity) to know
Whate'er your honour's pleased to do;
If you will burn your tail to tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?
Then knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his frieze surtout,
Took up his crabtree, and walk'd out.

SONGS.

As o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
The blissful seat of peace and love,
Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
And mingle pleasure with surprise.
By nature bless'd in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art,
This paradise of blooming joys
Each raptur'd sense at once employs.

But when I view the radiant queen
Who form'd this fair enchanting scene,
Pardon, ye grots ! ye crystal floods !
Ye breathing flowers ! ye shady woods !
Your coolness now no more invites ;
No more your murmuring stream delights ;
Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown ;
My soul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

Venge moi d'une ingrate maitresse,
Dieu du Vin ! j'implore ton yvresse.

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus ! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on the' ungrateful fair !
In thy smiling cordial bowl
Drown the sorrows of my soul :

All thy deity employ,
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
 Jolly Bacchus ! save, O save,
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor despairing dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tigers, do not stay ;
 I'm undone if thou delay :
 If I view those eyes once more,
 Still shall love and still adore,
 And be more wretched than before.
 See the glory round her face !

See her move !

With what a grace !

Ye gods above !

Is she not one of your immortal race ?

Fly, ye winged Cupids ! fly ;
 Dart like lightning through the sky :
 Would ye in marble temples dwell,
 The dear-one to my arms compel ;
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied ;
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide
 All her scorn and all her pride.
 Would ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day ?

O restore

The beauteous goddess I adore !
 O restore, with all her charms,
 The faithless vagrant to my arms !

FOR THE LUTE.

GENTLY, my lute ! move every string,
Soft as my sighs reveal my pain,
While I, in plaintive numbers, sing
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,
In vain she frowns, when I appear ;
Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart ;
She cannot hate, if she can hear.

And see, she smiles ! through all the groves
Triumphant Iö Pæans sound :
Clap all your wings, ye little Loves !
Ye sportive Graces ! dance around.

Ye listening oaks ! bend to my song ;
Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay :
Ye savages ! about me throng ;
Ye rocks ! and harder hearts ! obey.

She comes, she comes, relenting fair !
To fill with joy my longing arms ;
What faithful lover can despair
Who thus with verse and music charms ?

HUNTING SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend ! the rosy-finger'd morn
With blushes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill ;
Rich gems the trees enchase,
Pearls from each bush distil ;
Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away;
Quit, quit thy downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh! let it ne'er be said
That all, that all her charms,
Though she's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay.

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below;
For what will pelf avail?
Thy courser paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They spend their mouths around,
While health and pleasure smiles on every brow.

Try, huntsmen! all the brakes, spread all the plain;
Now, now, she's gone away,
Strip, strip, with speed pursue!
The jocund god of day,
Who fain our sport would view,
See, see, he flogs his fiery steeds in vain!

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys!
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull Sorrow lags behind:
Ye shrill echoes! reply;
Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves! our music repeat:
The bright spheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniously move,
O'er yon celestial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now puss threads the brakes, and heavily flies ;
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till, forced into view, she pants, and she dies !

In life's dull round thus we toil and we sweat ;
Diseases, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may :
What's decreed by dark Fate
Is not in our own power ;
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the present kind hour :
With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day.

IMITATIONS.

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES STANHOPE¹.

BORN near Avona's winding stream,
I touch the trembling lyre ;
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muse inspire.
'Tis immortality's her aim ;
Sublime she mounts the skies,
She climbs the steep ascent to fame,
Nor ever shall want force to rise,
While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What though majestic Milton stands alone,
Inimitably great !
Bow low, ye bards ! at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet.
Capacious soul ! whose boundless thoughts survey
Heaven, hell, earth, sea ;
Lo ! where the' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their seats they tear,
And shake the' empyreal heavens with impious war.
Yet nor shall Milton's ghost repine
At all the honours we bestow
On Addison's deserving brow,
By whom convinced, we own his work divine,
Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,
And set the jewel in a fairer light.

¹ Afterwards Earl Stanhope. See Noble Authors, vol. iv.

Enliven'd by his bright Essay,
Each flowery scene appears more gay;
New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves,
And by his culture Paradise improves.

Garth, by Apollo doubly bless'd,
Is by the god entire possess'd :

Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing skill ;

Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and power to kill :

But when the patriot's injured fame,

His country's honour or his friends,

A more extensive bounty claim,

With joy the ready Muse attends,

Immortal honours she bestows,

A gift the Muse alone can give ;

She crowns the glorious victor's brows,

And bids expiring Virtue live.

Nymphs, yet unborn, shall melt with amorous flames

That Congreve's lays inspire ;

And Philips warm the gentle swains

To love and soft desire.

Ah ! shun, ye fair ! the dangerous sounds,

Alas ! each moving accent wounds,

The sparks conceal'd revive again,

The god restored resumes his reign

In killing joys and pleasing pain.

Thus does each bard in different garb appear,

Each Muse has her peculiar air,

And in propriety of dress becomes more fair :

To each impartial Providence

Well-chosen gifts bestows ;

He varies his munificence,

And in divided streams the heavenly blessing flows.

If we look back on ages pass'd and gone,
When infant Time his race begun,
The distant view still lessens to our sight,
Obscured in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night;
The Muse alone can the dark scenes display,
Enlarge the prospect, and disclose the day.
'Tis she the records of times pass'd explores,
And the dead hero to new life restores;
To the brave man, who for his country died,
Erects a lasting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mouldering pillars drop his name;
In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
Discovers his neglected worth,
Brightens his deeds, by envious rust o'ercast,
To' improve the presentage, and vindicate the past.
Did not the Muse our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more should know
Of Lewis, by oppression great,
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor should but blaze and die,
Deprived of the reward of endless infamy.
Even that brave chief who set the nations free,
The greatest man the world can boast,
Without the Muse's aid shall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.
The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where every charm and every grace,
That man can wish or Heaven can give,
In happy union join'd, confess
The hero born to conquer and to bless.

Yet vain, alas! is every art,
Till the great work the Muse complete,
And everlasting Fame impart,
That soars aloft above the reach of Fate.
Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods bestow
A genius equal to the vast design,
Whose thoughts sublime in easy numbers flow,
While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
How shall our trembling souls survey
The horrors of each bloody day,
The reeking carnage of the plain
Encumber'd with the mighty slain,
The strange variety of death,
And the sad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's streams shall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark bosom of the deep pursued
By fiercer flames, and stain'd with nobler blood.
The gods shall arm on either side,
The' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil the realms above,
And faction revel in the court of Jove;
While heaven and earth, and sea and air,
Shall feel the mighty shock and labour of the war.

Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,
Lost in the mean disguise
Of abject sloth, depress'd, unknown:
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,
Till chance or art reveal its worth,
And call its latent glories forth:
But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
And adds new lustre to the monarch's crown.

What British harp can lie unstrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a song?
Upward, ye Muses! take your wanton flight,
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praise,
Exert your most triumphant lays,
Nor suffer such heroic deeds to sink in endless night.
The golden Tagus shall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time shall bow,
And lost in dark oblivion lie.
Where shall the Muse begin her airy flight?
Where first direct her dubious way,
Lost in variety of light,
And dazzled in excess of day?
Wisdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the labouring fancy throng;
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breast, perplex the poet's song.
Those virtues, which, dispersed and rare,
The gods too thriftily bestow'd,
And scatter'd to amuse the crowd,
When former heroes were their care,
To exert at once their power divine,
In thee, brave chief! collected shine.
So from each lovely blooming face
The ambitious artist stole a grace,
When in one finish'd piece he strove
To paint the all-glorious queen of love.
Thy provident unbiass'd mind,
Knowing in arts of peace and war,
With indefatigable care
Labours the good of humankind:
Erect in dangers, modest in success,
Corruption's everlasting bane,

Where injured merit finds redress,
And worthless villains wait in vain.
Though fawning knaves besiege thy gate,
And court the honest man they hate,
Thy steady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to subdue, [drons flew.
As when on Almanara's plain the scatter'd squa-
Vain are the' attacks of force or art,
Where Cæsar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy generous soul dispense
Through this unrighteous age its sacred influence,
Could the base crowd from thy example learn
To trample on their impious gifts with scorn,
With shame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle sold,
Dejected senates should no more
Their champion's absence mourn,
Contending boroughs should thy name return ;
Thy bold Philippics should restore
Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign shore.
No swelling titles, pomp, and state,
The trappings of a magistrate,
Can dignify a slave, or make a traitor great ;
For, careless of external show,
Sage Nature dictates whom to' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to superior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repulsed, an empire gains ;
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor
Who, brooding, sits o'er his ill-gotten store :

Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,
He feels the rigid judge within :
But they alone are bless'd, who wisely know
To' enjoy the little which the gods bestow ;
Proud of their glorious wants, disdain
To barter honesty for gain ;
No other ill but shame they fear,
And scorn to purchase life too dear :
Profusely lavish of their blood,
For their dear friends' or country's good ;
If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

HORACE, EPOD. XV. AD NÆRAM.

'Twas night, and heaven intent, with all its eyes
Gazed on the dear deceitful maid ;
A thousand pretty things she said,
A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.
She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
She press'd her glowing cheek to mine :
The clinging ivy or the curling vine
Did never yet so closely twine ;
Who could be man, and bear the lustre of her charms ?
And thus she swore : ' By all the powers above,
When winter-storms shall cease to roar,
When summer suns shall shine no more,
When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
Næara then, and not till then, shall cease to love.

Ah! false Neæra! perjured fair! but know,
I have a soul too great to bear
A rival's proud insulting air;
Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more just than
you.

Should'st thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former follies mourn;
Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn:
The gods shall do me right on that devoted head.

And you, spruce sir! who insolently gay
Exulting laugh at my disgrace,
Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace,
Your large estate, your handsome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day:

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn,
When, fickle as the sea or wind,
The prostitute shall change her mind,
To such another coxcomb kind;
Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

D. WHILE I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and transported with your charms;
I envied not the Persian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

- B.* While you were true, nor Sukey fair
Had chased poor Bruny from your breast:
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So famed, or so divinely bless'd.
- D.* In Sukey's arms entranced I lie,
So sweetly sings the warbling fair!
For whom most willingly I'd die,
Would fate the gentle syren spare.
- B.* Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live;
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, survive.
- D.* Should I once more my heart resign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Sukey scorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her slave!
- B.* Though brighter he than blazing star,
More fickle thou than wind or sea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I'd live, contented die, with thee!
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HOR. EPIST. X.

HORACE RECOMMENDS A COUNTRY LIFE, AND DISSUADES
HIS FRIEND FROM AMBITION AND AVARICE.

HEALTH to my friend! lost in the smoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone;
In all things else thy soul and mine are one;
And, like two aged long-acquainted doves,
The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual
loves.

Close and secure you keep your lazy nest,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions rest:
O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight.
To say no more, my friend! I live, and reign,
Lord of myself; I've broke the servile chain,
Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean slave of some fat pamper'd priest,
With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious
feast,
But quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat,
Their godly viands and their holy meat;
Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely scraps he loath'd before.
Seek'st thou a place where Nature is observed,
And cooler Reason may be mildly heard;
To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,
These are the' Elysian fields, the happy seat,
Proof against winter's cold and summer's heat.
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undisturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with disgrace must yield
To each smooth plain and gay enamell'd field;
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country streams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays, enclosed in pots, ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we despise.
The rose and woodbine marble walls support,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court;
But yet in vain all shifts the artist tries,
The discontented twig but pines away, and dies.
The house ye praise that a large prospect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleasures of the
fields;

'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confess,
The' inimitable charms the peaceful country bless.
In vain from Nature's rules we blindly stray,
And push the' uneasy monitrix away;
Still she returns, nor lets our conscience rest,
But night and day inculcates what is best;
Our truest friend, though an unwelcome guest.
As soon the' unskilful fool, that's blind enough
To call rich Indian damask Norwich stuff,
Shall become rich by trade, as he be wise,
Whose partial soul and undiscerning eyes
Can't at first sight, and at each transient view,
Distinguish good from bad, or false from true.
He that too high exalts his giddy head
When Fortune smiles; if the jilt frowns, is dead:
The' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,
Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire;
These worthless toys too fondly we desire,
Since when the darling's ravish'd from our heart,
The pleasure's overbalanced by the smart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
For thrifty Nature no great cost requires;
A healthful body, and thy mistress kind,
An humble cot, and a more humble mind;
These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell despise the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The stag well-arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chased the conquer'd horse;
The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
In meaner pastures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.

The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
His false confederate still rode boldly on ;
In vain the beast cursed his perfidious aid,
He plunged, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head :
Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to content his wild desires,
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before ;
About him still the' uneasy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes, and curb'd with
anxious fears.

The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind,
The way to true content shall never find ;
If the shoe pinch, or if it prove to wide ;
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you, my friend ! in calm contentment live,
Always well-pleased with what the gods shall
give ;

Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave ;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write ; merry, and free from care ;
And nothing covet but thy presence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

HORACE, EPOD. II.

‘ HAPPY the man who, free from care,
 Manures his own paternal fields,
 Content, as his forefathers were,
 To’ enjoy the crop his labour yields.

‘ Nor usury torments his breast,
 That barter happiness for gain ;
 Nor war’s alarms disturb his rest,
 Nor hazards of the faithless main :

‘ Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
 With costly noise, and dire debate,
 Proclaims an everlasting war ;
 Nor fawns on villains basely great ;

‘ But for the vine selects a spouse,
 Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed ;
 Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
 And grafts more happy in their stead :

‘ Or hears the lowing herds from far,
 That fatten on the fruitful plains ;
 And ponders with delightful care
 The prospect of his future gains :

‘ Or sheers his sheep that round him graze,
 And droop beneath their curling loads ;
 Or plunders his laborious bees
 Of balmy nectar, drink of gods !

‘ His cheerful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears ;
The purple grape his fingers stains.

‘ Each honest heart’s a welcome guest ;
With tempting fruit his tables glow ;
The gods are bidden to the feast,
To share the blessings they bestow.

‘ Under an oak’s protecting shade,
In flowery meads profusely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

‘ The vocal streams that murmuring flow,
Or from their springs complaining creep,
The birds, that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

‘ But when bleak storms and lowering Jove
Now sadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he pursues the flying deer.

‘ With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains ;
The hills, the valleys, smoke around :
The woods repeat his pleasing pains,
And Echo propagates the sound.

‘ Or, push’d by his victorious spear,
The grisly boar before him flies ;
Betray’d by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monster dies.

‘ His towering falcon mounts the skies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way :
Or else with sly deceit he tries
The make the lesser game his prey.

‘ Who, thus possess’d of solid joy,
Would Love, that idle imp ! adore ?
Cloe’s coquette, Myrtilla’s coy,
And Phillis is a perjured whore.

‘ Adieu, fantastic idle flame !
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful but obliging dame,
To soften all the toils of life ;

‘ Who shall with tender care provide
Against her weary spouse return,
With plenty see his board supplied,
And make the crackling billets burn :

‘ And while his men and maids repair
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine ;
With unbought dainties feast her dear,
And treat him with domestic wine.

‘ I view with pity and disdain
The costly trifles coxcombs boast,
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
Though sparkling with the brightest toast :

• Pleased with sound manufacture more
Than all the stum the knaves impose,
When the vain cully treats his whore
At Braun’s, the Mitre, or the Rose.

‘ Let fops their sickly palates please
With luxury’s expensive store,
And feast each virulent disease
With dainties from a foreign shore ;

‘ I, whom my little farm supplies,
Richly on Nature’s bounty live :
The only happy are the wise ;
Content is all the gods can give.

‘ While thus on wholesome cates I feast,
Oh ! with what raptures I behold
My flocks in comely order haste
To’ enrich with soil the barren fold !

‘ The languid ox approaches slow,
To share the food his labours earn ;
Painful he tugs the’ inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

‘ My wanton swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling hearth delight
To sweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.’

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale and sea-coal fire
Unlock’d his breast ; resolved to be
A generous, honest, country squire.

That very night his money lent
On bond or mortgage he call’d in ;
With lawful use of *six per cent.*—
Next morn he put it out at *ten*.

MARTIAL, EPIG. XLVII.

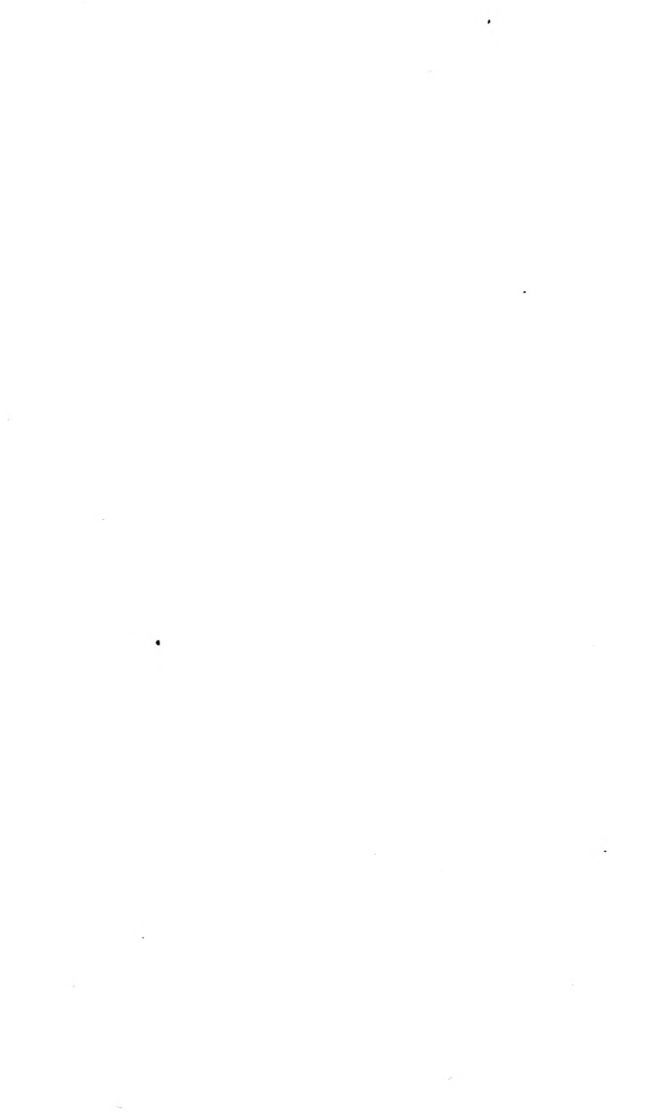
WOULD you, my friend ! find out the true receipt
 To live at ease, and stem the tide of fate,
 The grand elixir thus you must infuse,
 And these ingredients to be happy choose.
 First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,
 But unencumber'd left, and free from debt ;
 For let that be your dull forefather's care,
 To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir ;
 Fruitful and rich, in land that's sound and good,
 That fills your barn with corn, your hearth with
 wood ;

That cold nor hunger may your house infest,
 While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns
 the feast.

A quiet mind, serene, and free from care,
 Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar ;
 A body sound, that physic cannot mend ;
 And the best physic of the mind—a friend,
 Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
 Thy other self, distinguish'd but by face ;
 Whose sympathetic soul takes equal share
 Of all thy pleasure, and of all thy care.
 A modest board, adorn'd with men of sense,
 No French ragouts, nor French impertinence.
 A merry bottle to engender wit,
 Not over-dosed, but *quantum sufficit* :
 Equal the error is in each excess,
 Nor dulness less a sin than drunkenness.

A tender wife dissolving by thy side,
Easy and chaste, free from debate and pride,
Each day a mistress, and each night a bride.
Sleep undisturb'd, and at the dawn of day
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious stay;
A horse that's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,
And dogs that make the echoing cliffs resound;
That sweep the dewy plains, outfly the wind,
And leave domestic sorrows far behind:
Pleased with thy present lot, ner grudging at the
past,
Not fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping
for thy last.

END OF VOL. XXXI.



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